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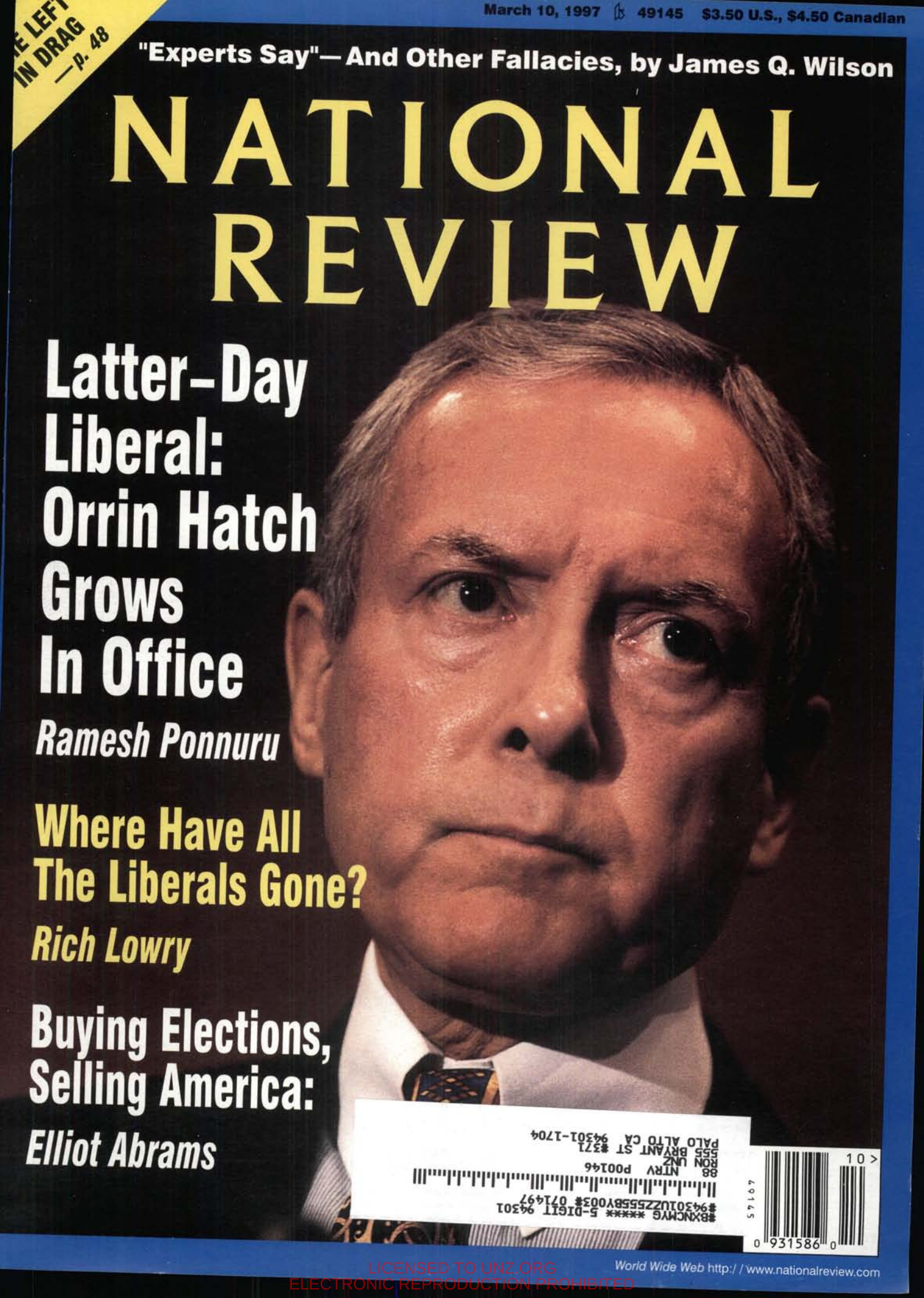
"Experts Say"—And Other Fallacies, by James Q. Wilson

NATIONAL REVIEW



Latter-Day Liberal: Orrin Hatch Grows In Office

Ramesh Ponnuru

Where Have All The Liberals Gone?

Rich Lowry

Buying Elections, Selling America:

Elliot Abrams

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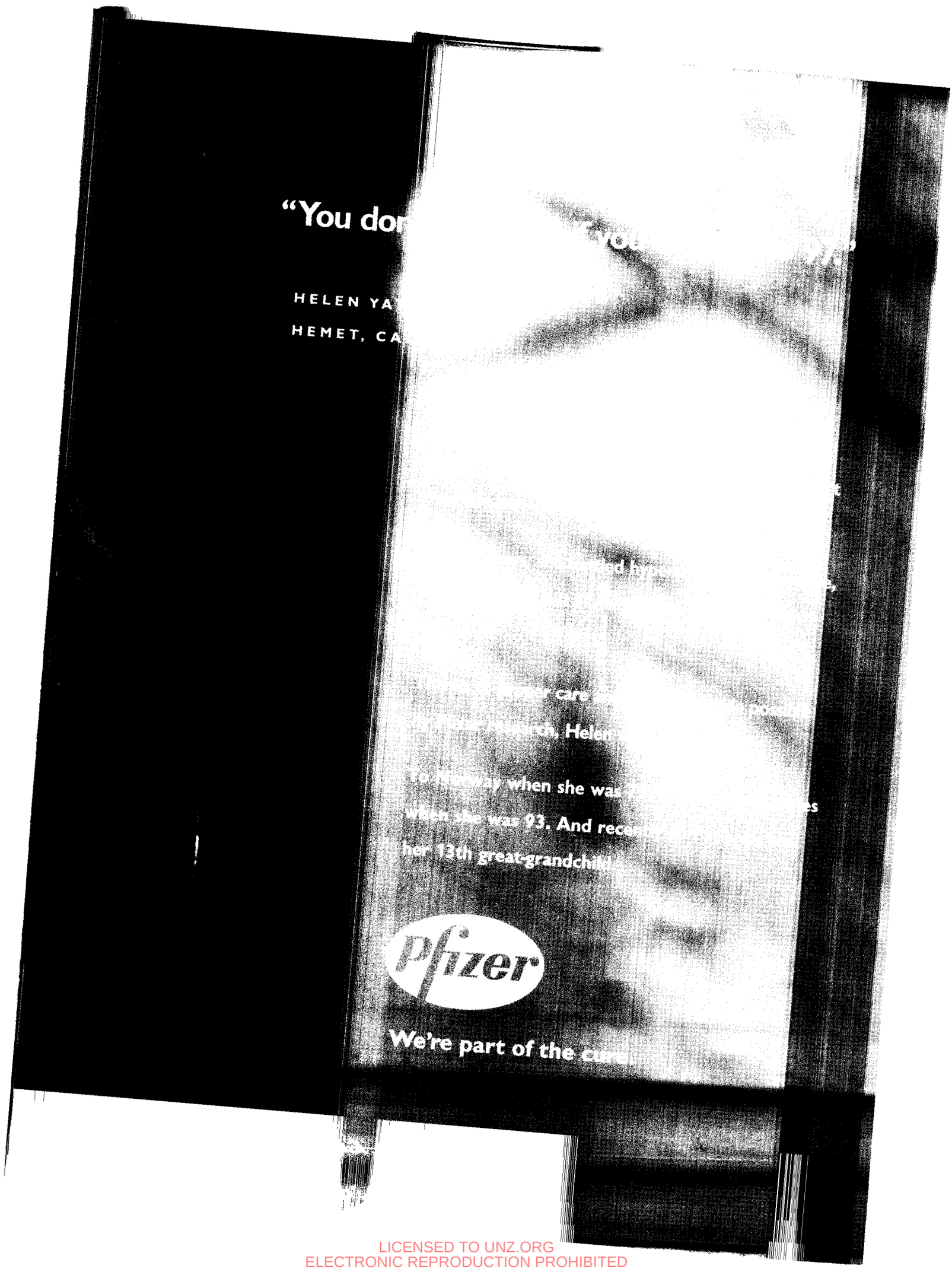

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MARCH 10, 1997 VOL. XLIX, NO. 4

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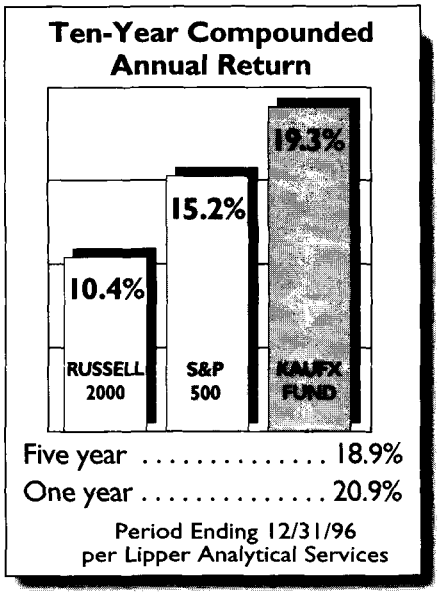

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LETTERS

Nuclear Matters

Sam Cohen ["Save the Nukes," Feb. 10] has helped keep alive an argument that I have long considered of high importance for our defense establishment. In May of 1991, *Army* magazine published my observations concerning the limbo of tactical nuclear weapons, the short-range low-yield atomic warheads that provided versatile mass firepower for field commanders. We had just completed the smashingly successful Persian Gulf campaign, so my concerns had to be expressed as "what might have been." What if Saddam Hussein had attacked Saudi Arabia immediately upon learning of the arrival of one brigade of the 82nd Airborne Division?

Any examination of that scenario reveals an obvious requirement for more firepower, the kind available with the deployment of nuclear capable field artillery units. Equally obvious is the fact that the Iraqis did not attack, nuclear artillery was not needed, and the airborne brigade was not suspended. My argument was only an intellectual stimulant—its impact so effective that four months later President Bush decreed the demise of all ground force nuclear weaponry.

I think President Bush was wrong. I think Mr. Cohen is right, and I think that the years of study the Army put into the utility of tactical nuclear weapons was the right way to prepare for a modern battlefield. And, just incidentally, we have learned since 1989 that the Russians thought so too.

Frederick J. Kroesen
General, USA Retired
Falls Church, Va.

Amend it, Don't Bend it

In "Vigilante Justices" [Feb. 10], Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia properly deplores the "morphing" of our Constitution, but he doesn't propose any remedial measures. In William L. Armstrong's "Court Jesters," the former senator sympathizes and proposes that senators make their confirmation of judicial nominees conditional on "original intent" pledges from the nominees. Mr. Armstrong acknowledges that such an approach is likely to seriously exacerbate White House–Congress tensions, and thus complicate other important legislative action on a continuing basis.

We have available a much more elegant recourse that will a) be no more difficult to implement effectively, b) be nominally permanent, c) avoid continual bickering in judicial confirmation proceedings, and d) provide a much simpler and clear-cut basis for impeachment of judges who refuse to respect "original intent."

I propose a simple, morally unchallengeable, and impossible-to-misconstrue amendment to the U.S. Constitution: "The language in each article of the Constitution shall be construed to mean what that language was generally understood to mean in the United States during the period in which the enabling ratification of that article took place."

Call it the "Sanctity of Contracts" amendment.

Andrew B. Burns
Stamford, Conn.

About Strauss

NATIONAL REVIEW's entry into the field of current conflict among right-wing sectarians perpetuates a slander when it says: "It was a wisecrack, in Straussian circles, to say that [Strauss] thought everyone should believe in God (for utilitarian reasons) except himself (he knew better)."

The "Straussian circles" consulted by *NR* represent a sect which has projected its own atheism onto Strauss, (who by the way was born in 1899, not 1888 as your writer claims). I am, I believe, the oldest living student of Leo Strauss. Between 1944 and 1951—for seven years—I attended nearly every class he taught (including summer sessions), in New York and Chicago. I believe I spent almost as many hours with him alone. A vivid memory, probably from 1944, was his telling me of his first visit to the United States in 1938. He was an exile from his native Germany—a wandering Jew—with as yet no fixed abode. He told me his amazement to discover that in America (unlike Europe), the word "atheist" could not even be pronounced in polite society. It was then, he said, that he found he had "come home."

Leo Strauss was raised an orthodox Jew. He did not remain orthodox, but he always remained a Jew, and in his moral sensibilities always retained something of an orthodox outlook. Consider the beginning of his lectures on "What is Political Philosophy?" delivered at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, in December 1954 and January 1955:

"It is a great honor, and at the same time a challenge, to accept a task of particular difficulty, to be asked to speak about political philosophy in Jerusalem. In this city, and in this land, the theme of political philosophy—'the city of righteousness, the faithful city'—has been taken more seriously than anywhere else on earth. Nowhere else has the longing for justice and the just city filled the purest hearts and the loftiest souls with such zeal as on this sacred soil. I know all too well that I am utterly unable to convey to you what in the best possible case, in the case of any man, would be no more than a faint reproduction or a weak imitation of our prophets' vision. I shall even be compelled to lead you into a region where the dimmest recollection of that vision is on the point of vanishing altogether—where the Kingdom of God is derisively called an imaginary principality—to say nothing of the region which was never illumined by it. But while being compelled, or compelling myself, to wander far away from our sacred heritage, or to be silent about it, I shall not for a moment forget what Jerusalem stands for."

I hope *NR*'s readers, who may know nothing about Strauss, will take this, and not the specious witticisms of self-proclaimed "Straussians" as an introduction to him.

Harry V. Jaffa
The Claremont Institute
Claremont, Calif.

We're Here, We're Complaining

One wing of the GOP definitely not "terrified of complaining about" vote fraud ["From the Editor," Feb. 10] is the Log Cabin Republicans. Although Log Cabin cannot claim former Rep. Bob Dornan (R., Calif.) as one of its advocates, let alone favorites, we are no less disturbed than he is, and his congressional colleagues should be, over the apparent fraud in registering and escorting dozens of Democrats to the polls last fall, whose illegal votes played a key role in his narrow defeat by Loretta Sanchez.

B-1 Bob may well have spouted off a bit much last year and earned the censure of his House-mates for unjudicious remarks, but a thorough congressional investigation of vote fraud is as good a reason for rapprochement as any. As for the rest of us, whose rights and liberties cannot and will not afford to absorb these losses, isn't that itself just cause to reform California and federal voter registration laws, only this time with gusto?

G. Michael German
Log Cabin Republicans of California
San Francisco, Calif.

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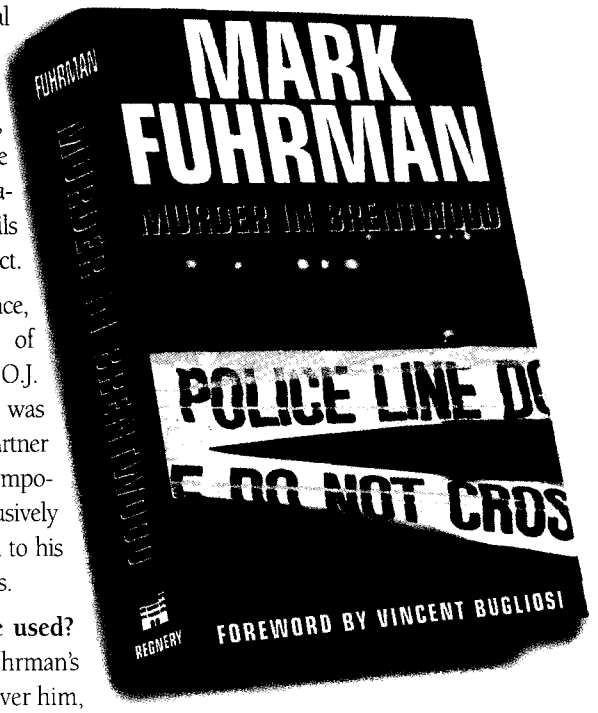
Mark Fuhrman

finally breaks his silence . . .



After two years of virtual silence, Detective Mark Fuhrman has written the first nothing-to-lose, no-holds-barred account of the O.J. Simpson murder investigation. *Murder in Brentwood* unveils fact after never-before-revealed fact.

Fuhrman discloses, for instance, the one unimpeachable piece of evidence that could have put O.J. away for life. This evidence was corroborated by Fuhrman's partner and also by Fuhrman's contemporaneous notes—reprinted exclusively in this book—which were given to his boss within hours of the murders.

Why wasn't this evidence used? Why, for that matter, wasn't Fuhrman's partner, a man with no cloud over him, then or now, ever called to testify?

The "mystery" detective's name? Brad Roberts. You've probably never even heard of him, yet he can corroborate virtually everything Fuhrman saw (and much more). Why was he never even called as a witness? You will be disgusted with the answer.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Sins of the Father?

■ In the controversy over Madeline Albright's Jewish parentage (see "The Week"), some commentators seek to exonerate the daughter by blaming the father. He allegedly suppressed knowledge of his parents and converted to Catholicism from opportunism.

These are serious charges to bring against a man who, being dead, cannot defend himself. But there is little evidence to support them and some on the other side. His book, *The Communist Subversion of Czechoslovakia 1938-1948,* was dedicated to his parents—hardly the act of a man who wished to obliterate their memory. (My thanks to George Szamuely for drawing this to my notice.)

And the casual assumption that his conversion *must* have been opportunistic, besides being offensive to Catholics, is counter-indicated by the facts.

He converted not when he was at risk in Austria, but once he was safe in England. He brought up his daughter to be a serious rather than a nominal Catholic. Above all, he chose Catholicism which, in the England of 1938, was socially a second-class religion.

An opportunist would have chosen Anglicanism, but a conservative anti-Communist intellectual, even a non-observant Jewish one, might well have been initially attracted to the Catholic Church as a bulwark against Bolshevism and then drawn by its spiritual message.

Very few Jews become Catholics. But those who do are often ornaments of the Church: at present, a French cardinal and an English bishop are Jewish converts. Mrs. Albright's father did not become a cardinal, but he produced serious books and remained a firm anti-Communist throughout the Cold War.

Indeed, there is a strong case for making *him* Secretary of State—Warren Christopher having shown that death is no bar to that office.

■ Our last issue contained a quotation from Dick Morris's book in which he discussed the advice he might have given to Bob Dole: "I'd have focused on a host of issues that the President was afraid to touch or that his interest-group support wouldn't let him touch—ending teacher tenure, school choice . . . a moratorium on immigration, passage of a federal right-to-work law, etc."

A memory stirred. I retrieved an article I had written for *NR*'s Internet page just prior to the GOP's San Diego convention. There were uncanny echoes:

"Dole's obvious tactic therefore is to emphasize those issues on which the President simply cannot endorse conservative policies. A random sample might include: restricting the powers of the federal judiciary; extending school choice, via vouchers, to parochial schools; ending race and gender preferences; seriously enforcing laws against illegal immigration but also reducing legal immigration, etc., etc."

The analysis is identical and the examples overlap. Only the rewards differ.

■ Our annual competition for examples of the campaign to purge Christmas from American life had a disappointing response—but two clear winners:

In Swanzey, N.H., Christmas celebrations were replaced by a "Winter Welcome" festival—with school principal Lilla DeCoste proclaiming Scrooge-like: "I don't see this as anti-Christmas; I see it as pro-winter." (Ray P. Torri.)

But the bottle of bubbly goes to William Grace who reports that at Dartmouth (where else?) officials wanted the glee club to remove religious carols from the ceremony of lighting the Christmas tree and sing songs "more sensitive to the Dartmouth community as a whole." When the glee club refused, another group was summoned to sing "Frosty the Snowman," etc.

This time there was resistance. Next night, the glee club arrived unofficially and, to 350 appreciative students, sang such noxious hymns as "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and—doubtless addressing themselves to the busybody school authorities—"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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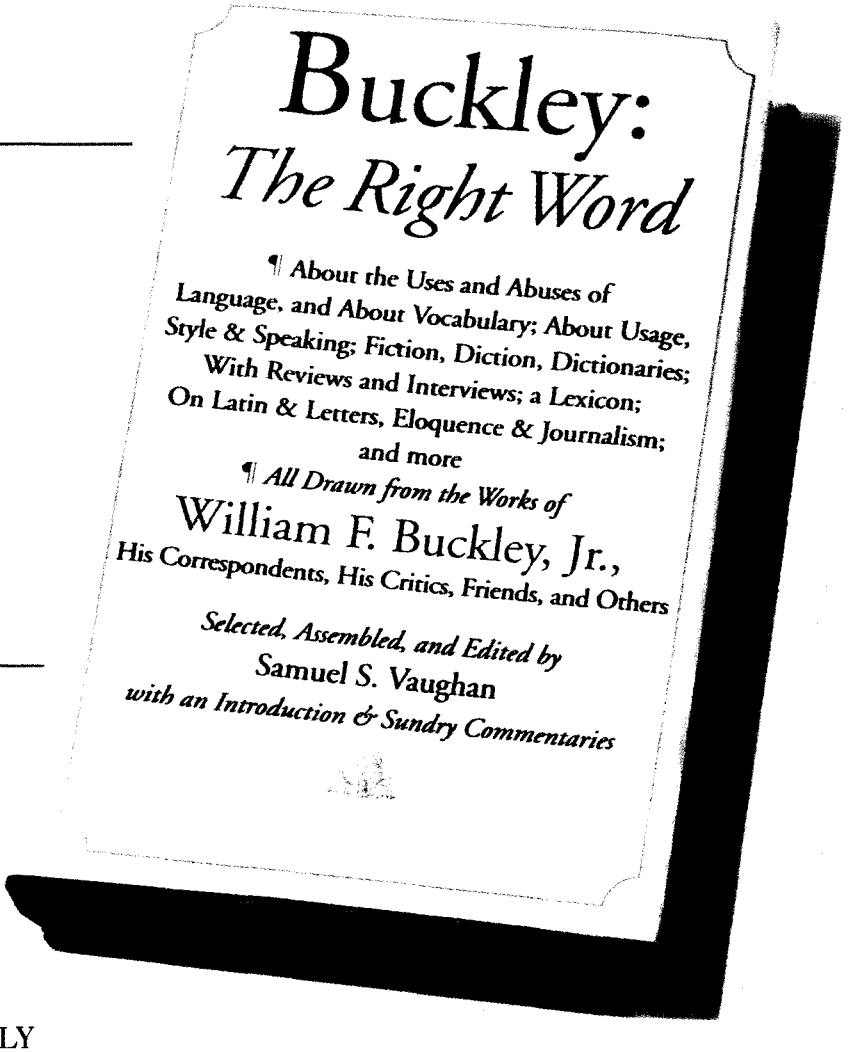
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FOR THE RECORD

■ The 358 people who attended White House coffees contributed $27 million to Democrats, while one million other donors contributed total of $26 million. According to a *Los Angeles Times* analysis, meanwhile, the **Clintons** arranged for 577 friends and supporters to stay in the White House overnight in the two years prior to the 1996 election. White House spokesman **Mike McCurry** characterizes the visits as an attempt by the Clintons "to say thanks in a special way." . . . Former Clinton business partner **James McDougal** switches story and says that as governor Clinton pressured **David Hale** to make a $300,000 illegal loan, despite Clinton's testimony to the contrary. Asked if Clinton could be found guilty of perjury, *Blood Sport* author **James Stewart** says: "I believe so. And this is a very serious matter. This cannot be dismissed as something that happened 10 years ago in [Arkansas]. . . . And if it's true, it suggests not once, but a pattern of perjury, and I think that's going to be a very, very serious problem." . . . Despite swirl of scandal Clinton still scores high ratings in the polls, even on the issue of balanced budget; 56 per cent of Americans think Clinton is committed to balanced budget, only 52 per cent say the GOP is.

■ **Steve Forbes** continues to court social conservatives in run-up to possible 2000 bid. At a speech at Liberty University, Forbes calls for ban on partial-birth abortion, on abortions for sex-selection, on late-term abortions unless the mother's life is in danger, and on fetal tissue research. He calls abortion a "national tragedy" and says assisted suicide "turns doctors into killers." . . .Sen. **Paul Wellstone** (D., Minn.) flirts with 2000 presidential bid, planning a tour of the South re-tracing **Robert F. Kennedy**'s route in 1967. But his initial presidential soundings get an anemic response; his St. Paul office received only three or four calls about his possible run. . . . **Jack Kemp**, still another other possible 2000 candidate, weighs in on whom **Newt Gingrich** invited to sit with his wife **Marianne** during State of the Union address: "White folks do not choose the leaders of black Americans. And I think it was a very legitimate request, or invitation, I should say, by Newt Gingrich to have **Jesse Jackson** there." . . . According to *Los Angeles Times* poll, 83 per cent of Americans think Gingrich should pay his $300,000 fine out of pocket.

■ In attempt to head off GOP reforms, foes of electricity deregulation snap up conservative lobbyists, including former Reps. **Vin Weber** and **Bill Carney**. . . . According to *Wall Street Journal* survey, 71 per cent of blue-collar workers, 59 per cent of Clinton voters, and 53 per cent of union households oppose using union dues to support political causes. . . . Is there too much money in politics? According to American Association of Political Consultants, total congressional campaign spending in *1993-94* was $724 million. Annual sales of Barbie Doll line is $1 billion.

■ After New York Gov. **George Pataki** denounces Georgia state flag as "symbol of hatred," two Georgia legislators retaliate by removing New York flag from inside Georgia state capitol. . . . Asked about ebonics, actress **Whoopi Goldberg** responds, the "idea that we as black people are not part of this country . . . is a concept we have to get over. That's why we can't define ourselves as African-Americans. We're not. We're Americans. That's why **Rosa Parks** was on the bus. That's why **Martin Luther King** and **Medgar Evers** were fighting to make sure that everyone remembers we were Americans, not African-Americans, not Asian-Americans. We are Americans, therefore we are obligated to speak this language, which is ours." . . . Hollywood types are reportedly talking to **Dick Morris** about a possible movie deal. . . . Presidents' Day trivia: **Abraham Lincoln** made his famous remark about not fooling all the people all of the time in a 1858 address in town of Clinton, Ill. . . . **Jay Leno** on the difference between Abraham Lincoln and Bill Clinton: "Lincoln once said 'With malice towards none, with charity for all'; Clinton once said 'Here, feel this.'"

"Maybe you should shave that beard. Everyone seems to take you for Santa Claus."

■ Chancellor **Helmut Kohl** calls leftist *Der Spiegel* magazine's report he has cancer "pure invention, shabby and underhanded," but there's growing nervousness and internal feuding among German conservatives as Kohl faces unemployment at five million, greatest since **Hitler**'s rise to power in 1933. . . . **Karl Gren** of the UN World Food Program says North Korea will be completely out of food by April or May. . . . Typical of hardening of Russia's attitude toward NATO's proposed eastward expansion, Pres. **Boris Yeltsin**'s foreign policy adviser, **Dimitri Ryurikov**, says Moscow should have a veto over all European security issues. . . . Security council Sec. **Ivan Rybkin** says Russia should reserve the right to use nuclear weapons in response to a conventional weapons attack given the current weakness of Russia's forces. . . . **Hisham Saraya** says 50 of the 78 young Egyptians arrested for Satanism have been released, apparently as a result of exaggerated accusations because they wore black nail polish and lipstick and ponytails.

■ Steve Forbes says only in America could he "spend millions of his own money to run for President . . . and achieve his real goal of hosting *Saturday Night Live*." . . . The *Washington Post* runs list suggesting new additions to the periodic table, including "BILLCLINTUM"—Bc—Undergoes a series of interesting changes when in hot water" and "GORIUM—Zz—Latest discovery in group of inert gases. Also known as Tedium."

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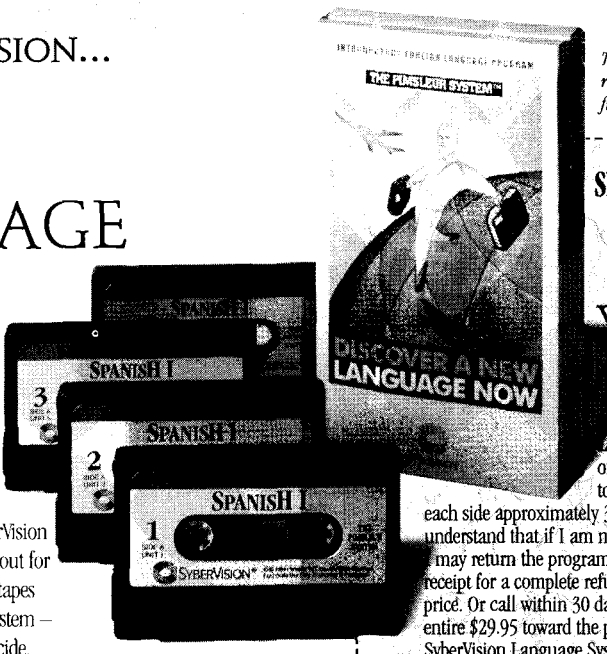

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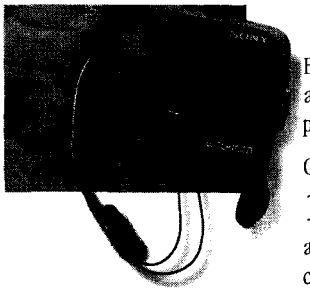

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THE WEEK

■ With Halley's Comet set to return in July, 2061, the T.V. networks are already making plans on how to report it without diverting too much coverage from the latest developments in the O. J. Simpson case.

■ If Sen. Fred Thompson isn't yet the avenging angel sent to clean up all politics in Washington, he's awfully anxious to play one on TV. In recent weeks, Thompson, who is set to lead the investigation into the Democratic fundraising scandals, has been the subject of a raft of fawning media profiles anointing him as a potentially formidable presidential candidate in 2000. As a result, the press has become the Tennessee senator's base constituency, and fellow Republicans now fear he will do anything to appease it. He is allowing Democrats on his committee to engage in a fishing expedition for GOP wrongdoing and is so far the sole GOP supporter of Sen. John McCain's ill-judged bill to reform campaign finances. Has he forgotten that the Republican primaries begin in New Hampshire, not the National Press Club?

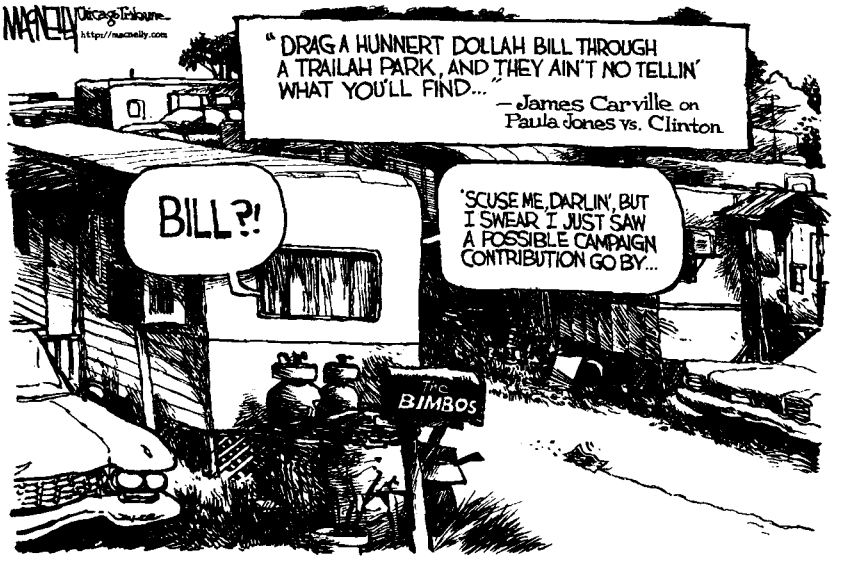
■ At a recent Washington dinner to salute Ward Connerly, chairman of the California Civil Rights Initiative campaign, Speaker Newt Gingrich promised Connerly, who has launched a campaign for a national CCRI, "an all-out effort to end affirmative racism in America." But the specter of Jesse Jackson, recently honored by the Speaker, hung over the room until Connerly exorcised it. After commending Gingrich for this "honorable gesture," he brought the house down by noting that he was still waiting for a similar invitation from the President. Meanwhile Connerly called on Jackson to apologize for calling him a "house slave," just as J. C. Watts had apologized for his criticism of "race-hustling poverty pimps," It was a graceful but firm reminder to Gingrich that "the playing field is not level when it comes to name calling, attacks, and the consequences of such conduct." Supporters of Rep. Charles Canady's (R., Fla.) legislation to end federal race and gender preferences have urged Gingrich to make its passage a priority and are waiting to see how he will vote: for Connerly or Jackson?

■ Bill Clinton's former Whitewater partner James McDougal has decided to cooperate with prosecutor Kenneth Starr, alleging, among other things, that his ex-wife, Susan, had an affair with then-Governor Clinton. The former Mrs. McDougal denies the charge, alleging in her turn that her ex wanted her to sleep with Bill. Which raises the possibility that both allegations are true.

■ When a reporter asked James Schlesinger, Secretary of Defense and Energy during the Seventies, why he had converted from Judaism to Lutheranism, Schlesinger replied, bracingly, that it was nobody's business. The same goes for the motives of Secretary of State Madeleine Albright's parents in converting to Catholicism. What nags about the Albright story is the possibility that she had known about her family's background for years—the Czech mayor of her birthplace wrote her repeatedly when she was at the UN—and that her recent "discovery" of it from a reporter at the *Washington Post Magazine* was, on her part at least, a charade. Concealing something perfectly legal and decent—a first for this Administration.

■ President Clinton won his request to release international family-planning funds by a slim six-vote margin despite the argument that the money would be used to subsidize abortions. Forty-four pro-choice Republicans predictably supported the President but, surprisingly, so did four pro-life Pennsylvania Democrats. Reps. John Murtha and Robert Borski had previously indicated they would oppose the release of funds, and Rep. Ron Klink had helped organize opposition, yet they joined with the generally pro-life Rep. Paul Kanjorski in defecting to the pro-choice cause. Pro-life lobbyists attribute their last-minute switch to pressure from Minority Leader Dick Gephardt, who told them failure to support the President would diminish the prospects that their Pennsylvania (pro-choice) colleague Rep. Thomas Foglietta would be nominated as Ambassador to Italy. Rep. Tim Holden (D., Pa.), who resisted the pressure, is to be congratulated for not selling himself so cheaply.

■ A little war is reported over the lease of the U.S. embassy in Moscow, signed in 1985, for which we pay 72,500 rubles per month. That was $60,000 at then-official Soviet exchange rates. Now it's $22.56. About right.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"DRAG A HUNNERT DOLLAH BILL THROUGH A TRAILAH PARK, AND THEY AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHAT YOU'LL FIND..." —James Carville on Paula Jones vs. Clinton
BILL?!
'SCUSE ME, DARLIN', BUT I SWEAR I JUST SAW A POSSIBLE CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTION GO BY...
BIMBOS

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Solvent—But Not Yet

PRESIDENT Clinton's recent budget, like his campaign for re-election, is a supple deceit. The rhetoric is solidly Republican, the actions quintessential Clinton. Some modest targeted cuts in capital-gains taxes and reductions in Medicare spending offer a sop to the Republicans that they seem willing to grab—even though the overall budget is a warmed-over version of last year's offer that the Republicans rejected, with spending increased to $1.7 trillion.

The President promises a balanced budget by 2002. Even if that goal could be achieved, it would be a hollow accomplishment unless it reined in the growth of spending permanently. But the budget doesn't even pretend to do that. It will be in deficit after 2002, and the deficit will rise year after year to record peacetime levels unless much more is done about entitlements. Yet the President, his budget director, and Congress all know that the problem is long-term fiscal discipline—something the President has made no move toward. Indeed, the initiatives he proposes include a new entitlement that would worsen the problem.

Many of the President's proposals are the kind of gimmickry that gives Washington a bad name. Since a Congress cannot bind its successors, the Congress elected last year will approve only the 1998 and 1999 budgets. Deficit reductions that the President proposes for later years are a cynical wish list—not really wished at all. Planned reductions will not begin until 2000; half the reduction comes in 2002; and the deficit will be larger in 1999 than in 1996.

The big spending programs are barely touched. Indeed, spending grows by $250 billion in the next four years—about $1,000 per capita. Part of the increase goes for new programs to subsidize housing, reward the teachers' lobby, and create a new entitlement for two years of college education for families with up to $100,000 in annual income. But the President also blows past Social Security as if there were no problem. He proposes $10 billion of new health-care spending to cover new groups and new free services for current beneficiaries.

The main reduction is a proposal to put tighter price controls on doctors and hospitals. Although everyone would like to see lower health-care costs, price controls are not the way to get there. They sacrifice the long-term quality of health care by pretending that the nation can get more and better service while paying less. The result

New Golf Iron Sets World Distance Record from Fairway; Misses Record for Driver by One Yard.

Patented design corrects hooks and slices

You may never play with a wood again.

by Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT– The same small Connecticut company that created a golf ball that *flies* too far has introduced two new driving irons that *hit* too far; way too far if you happen to sell woods. Mike Smith, a PGA Pro, recently set a World Record off the grass with the company's 17° driving iron, and stopped just one yard short of matching the record for a *driver* with its 12.5° counterpart. His shots were 335 and 358 yards respectively.

These are troublesome distances for wood manufacturers, but that may not be their biggest worry. *These clubs keep the ball on the fairway*, a characteristic drivers and fairway woods sorely lack. Official statistics show that even the top ten money-makers on the Tour miss the fairway with their driver 25% of the time. So don't feel alone if you have trouble with your woods. A company spokesman told me this.

"We made these clubs for golfers who are fed up spraying shots left and right with their driver and 3-wood. And millions do. If the best ten golfers in the business have trouble with woods, imagine how tough they are for the rest of us. So we designed the Controller driving irons (the clubs' name).

"Our initial test with the Controllers showed that a mid-80's golfer could get 30 to 50 more yards off the grass with our 17° Fairway Controller, and match or beat his driver with our 12.5° Tee Shot Controller. Mike's World Record and comments from other pros, including a former Master's champ, confirm that these are the clubs of the future.

"But power without accuracy can *add* strokes, and this is where we have wood manufacturers by the throat. The Controllers actually rescue bad shots from the rough."

The Controllers "rescue" hooks and slices with a patented "invisible curve" (you can feel it, but barely see it) across their hitting surface.

The curve tames the abnormal spins that cause hooks and slices, and actually draws shots heading into the rough back onto the fairway. It's quite a sight and along with their massive power could make the Controllers the longest and straightest clubs in golf today. A friend told me he cut strokes the first time he used them and vowed he would never play with a driver or 3-wood again.

So let me ask you. Do you have trouble with woods? If you do, there's no risk testing one or both of these new, super irons. The company will refund their price, if their unique combination of World Record distance and patented accuracy doesn't cut 5 to 10 strokes off your score, and you return them undamaged within 30 days.

To try one or both Controllers, call the company direct at **1-800-285-3900** anytime or day, or send your name, address and check (or cc number and exp. date) to NGC Golf (Dept. DS-567), 60 Church St., Yalesville, CT 06492. The steel shaft Controller Tee Shot (12.5°) and Fairway Controller (17°) cost $69.00 each. Both cost $119.00. The graphite shaft models cost $89.00 each. Both are only $159.00. Add $10.00 s/h/ins. CT and NY add sales tax. No P.O. boxes. All shipments UPS. Specify right or left handed, regular or stiff flex, men's or ladies'.

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will be more waiting and poorer service. But this reduction in quality won't be noticeable right away. President Clinton leaves this problem, too, for his successors.

Otherwise, the promised deficit reduction is achieved mainly by selling assets, abruptly ending some government programs in the *annus mirabilis* of 2002, and ending some subsidies and tax benefits for business.

The Republican leadership has apparently decided to act as if the President's proposals made a responsible start on a plan for fiscal balance. The Congressional reformers, elected in 1994 and re-elected last year, have lost both their courage and their way. If the President gives them a modest capital-gains tax cut, they appear ready to sign on and rush home to crow about their achievement. They may even wink at $1.5 billion for the United Nations, the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund.

Once again, Bill Clinton seems to have taken the Republicans' measure. A Congress that came to power promising to close the Departments of Education and Commerce is now ready to vote big increases in the budgets for those departments, including new programs to send more half-educated students to the college of their choice.

This budget was drafted by a President who believes that you can fool most of the people most of the time. Will the Republicans help prove him right?

Foxes and Groundhogs

IN *Groundhog Day*, Bill Murray wakes up every day at the same time to be beset by the same obstacles and irritations. Republicans are getting to know the feeling. The 105th Congress has so far had an eerie resemblance to the 104th. The Balanced Budget Amendment is likely to fail again, and term limits already have. Republicans are demanding "CBO scoring" of the budget and condemning "OMB scoring" as too optimistic. Sens. Domenici (R., N.M.) and Gramm (R., Tex.), among others, are complaining that President Clinton should impose more pain, earlier, on Medicare beneficiaries.

Republicans have been through this fight once already and should be hesitant to undertake it again. Yes, as we argue above, President Clinton's budget is phony. The GOP has to accept that there won't be a genuine balanced budget until a Republican is elected President. And the party shouldn't again risk its political health over bogus efforts to achieve a temporary balance in 2002.

They should focus attention instead on the next few years of the budget, while being realistic about their ability to improve it substantially. They should make targeted, small-scale changes that suit conservative priorities. (Keeping their promise to eliminate the National Endowment for the Arts would be a good start.) As the price of striking a deal that preserves the broad outlines of Clinton's plan, Republicans should insist on procedural reforms that will help budget-cutters in the future.

Next, they should work to make the President's tax cuts as broad-based and as big as possible. Republicans should see and raise any tax-cut offer the President makes to the middle class. Clinton's tax breaks for higher education, for example, should be met with tax breaks that let families save for medical care, home ownership, and private schooling. If this causes accounting problems in 2002, that's OK. It is more important to get as much tax relief as possible to the American people.

What is most important for Republicans is to drop their obsession with the deficit as such. The real problem has always been out-of-control federal spending. In the past, Republicans have been able to use the deficit as a crude cudgel against new spending proposals. But that no longer works now that Clinton has endorsed balancing the budget. The debate has shifted to the ground of "values"—terrain on which the President maneuvers skillfully and quickly, as he demonstrated last year.

Republicans need not fear "values" talk; they should welcome it. For fiscal policies are not the only, or even the most important, determinants of America's future. A large range of other issues go to the heart of what kind of people we will be—indeed whether we will be a people at all. Are we to be a self-governing nation, or one ruled by judges? Should parents govern children, or should they be ruled by certified experts? Are we to provide genuine care to those in need, or abandon them to the ministrations of the state? Are we a collection of mutually suspicious tribes whose relations should be mediated by government, or a self-confident and united American citizenry? A culture of life, or a culture of death? On these questions, today's GOP offers only silence.

If it doesn't soon start to speak to middle-class hopes and fears, it may find that nobody is listening.

Throwing the Voters Out

WHEN Ed Rollins mentioned the words "walking-around money" at a press conference explaining Christine Todd Whitman's 1993 gu-

Sleep Well

When Mr. Clinton says his prayers,
Which happens every night,
One may assume he prays for peace,
But there's a silent rite
(He never says the words out loud)
Performed on bended knee.
It goes, "Dear Lord, bless Susan, too,
Then throw away the key."

—W. H. VON DREELE

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What Do Garnet Hill, Nor-Cal and Blue Marlin Have in Common?

They're all small companies making a big splash in Japan. While it may not be surprising that global giants like MacDonald's, Coke and Microsoft are major players in the Japanese market, fewer people are aware of the scores of small U.S. companies that are carving out profitable niches in Japan.

• After just two years in Japan, Garnet Hill, Inc., a New Hampshire catalog company with 99 employees, has seen sales in Japan of its natural-fiber clothing, bedding and home furnishings become the most important part of its business. The secret of Garnet Hill's success, according to owner Jim Hamblin, is "to get things right the first time." This meant hiring a Tokyo ad agency to put together ads that helped build brand name recognition, installing a toll-free fax number and a Japanese post office box address, and employing Japanese-speaking staff to handle calls.

• Nor-Cal Beverage, a California-based soft drink company, has had an unexpected success in Japan producing private label brands like "U.S. Cola" and "Savings Lemon Lime" for discount chains. "Just a few years ago, we used to visualize Japan as highly structured and rigid," says Nor-Cal COO Lynn Barkalow. "Not anymore."

• Two-year-old Blue Marlin Corp. sells 35 percent of its baseball caps and vintage-style clothes in Japan. Says Erik Stuebe, Blue Marlin president: "The Japanese appreciate our quality and design."

• Town & Country Cedar Homes, based in Petoskey, Michigan, sells 25 percent of its cedar timber homes and log cabins in Japan. "We're successul in Japan because we've developed a product that's suited to Japanese consumer tastes, we've built strong distributor relationships here, and we're making a long-term commitment to the Japanese market," explains Town & Country Cedar Homes president Stephen R. Biggs.

Not only has expanding into Japan been a good move for these companies and many more like them, but it also shows that you don't have to be a big multinational to take advantage of opportunities in today's Japanese market. Unfortunately, such positive trends are seldom reported by the media. That's a shame, because the more U.S. companies operating in Japan, the better for U.S.-Japan trade relations—today *and* tomorrow.

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bernatorial victory, there was a firestorm of national outrage. Whitman had to beat back calls for her to step aside, and a small-scale investigation was immediately mounted to discover if there was anything to Rollins's claim that black people had been paid not to vote. The hair-trigger reaction of the media and political culture to Rollinsgate is in marked contrast to the silence that has greeted two budding vote-fraud scandals in which more and more evidence suggests federal elected offices were stolen.

As Rollins discovered, paying black people not to vote —or even saying you did—is an (almost) unforgivable political sin. But paying black people to vote often, as clearly happened in Louisiana last November, is fine. As Rollins learned, any underhanded means of electing a Republican is subject to the strictest, accusatory scrutiny of the media. But signing up non-citizens and illegal immigrants to vote, flouting campaign finance laws, sending vans into poor neighborhoods to ferry around residents to get them to vote often, isn't worth worrying over—as long as it's in the service of liberal Democrats.

This hypocrisy may soon be strained by the weight of evidence Bob Dornan and Woody Jenkins have accumulated in their respective electoral challenges. Harold Johnson details in this issue (p. 26) how the *Los Angeles Times* (braving protests from "Hispanic" groups) has already found some five hundred illegal votes in Dornan's nine hundred-vote loss to Loretta Sanchez; it is safe to surmise now that there are more than enough illegal votes to account for Sanchez's margin of alleged victory. Meanwhile, Woody Jenkins has filed more evidence with the Senate Rules Committee, including yet more transcripts of interviews with people involved in vote-buying, to suggest widespread fraud in his narrow loss to Mary Landrieu.

Indeed, in the back-and-forth of Rules Committee filings between the Jenkins and Landrieu campaigns, Jenkins has scored points recently. Specifically, he has knocked the legs out from under a key piece of circumstantial evidence in Landrieu's favor. In her request for a summary dismissal, "Senator" Landrieu maintained that both candidates in the hotly contested New Orleans D.A. race be-

Right Data

WHAT Do They Want? Nearly four decades after Betty Friedan started the movement, feminist attitudes toward marriage are still unclear. Pop culture supposedly caters to feminist tastes. So, we have TV shows like *Roseanne* and *Cybil*, and movies like *The First Wives' Club*. These women are locked in loveless marriages or acrimonious divorces. Marriage seems like a bad deal. *Redbook* magazine sees it differently. In the special section, "Why Marriage is Hot Again," Lois Smith Brady writes "Today, for the first time since the mid 1960s, smart women in their twenties . . . are not only unafraid but eager to become brides." Women are even taking their husband's last names.

Statistics show a mixed bag. American women are marrying later than ever, but they're staying married longer, and spending more time with their kids. While most people married in their twenties during the 1970s, many now enter their thirties still single. Today about 20 per cent of women and 30 per cent of men ages 30 to 34 are not yet married, compared with 6 and 9 per cent, respectively, in 1970. Postponement doesn't mean avoidance, however. An estimated 90 per cent of young women will marry at some point during their lifetime.

Some sociologists attribute the change to a surge in the number of unmarried cohabiting couples. Experts say about one-quarter of all couples married after 1985 started out cohabiting. Although many such relationships don't last long, some last too long: A 1991 study found that one-sixth of never-married cohabiting couples had children born since living together. Ironically, more divorces occur among marrieds who started out in these so-called "trial marriages."

Marriage Makes A Comeback

	Marriage Rate(a)	Divorce Rate(b)	Married Couples with Children	Median Age: At 1st Marriage	Median Age: All Women
1970	76.5	14.9	25.8 Mil.	20.8	29.3
1980	61.4	22.6	25.2 Mil.	22.0	31.3
1990	54.5	20.9	24.9 Mil.	23.9	34.0
1994	51.5	20.5	25.6 Mil.	24.5	35.2
1995	50.8	19.8	25.6 Mil.	24.5	35.4

a. Marriages per 1,000 unmarried women age 15 and over.
b. Divorces per 1,000 married women age 15 and over.
Source: National Center for Health Statistics; Census Bureau.

Demographic trends also influence the median age at which Americans get married. Most baby-boomers are beyond the age of typical first marriages. Their ranks are being filled by a much smaller "baby-bust" cohort. Between 1970 and 1995 the median age of U.S. women rose from 29 to 35, or by more than twice the rise in median marriage age during that period. (See chart.)

The trend to older newlyweds seems to be good for marriage. The number of married couples with children increased by 700,000 from 1990 to 1995, reversing a twenty-year decline. In part, this reflects a divorce rate that fell to 19.8 per 1,000 married women in 1995, from 23 per 1,000 married women in 1980.

Another feminist icon—the super mom—also appears on its way out. From 1960 to 1990 the proportion of young women who either worked or were looking for work rose from 40 per cent to just under 75 per cent. Since 1990 participation rates have either stopped advancing or have actually declined. This stay-at-home movement is occurring even as the gap between male and female wages shrinks.

But why are women staying home? Supply-siders blame the tax code. Since a second earner is taxed at the rate of the more successful spouse, married women pay a hefty tax rate on their first dollar of income. Economist Richard Hokenson invokes the need "to reduce the stress generated by a working world that continues to offer little support for families." Others report an anti-feminist backlash. Many women have concluded that all feminism ever got them was more work. —Ed Rubenstein

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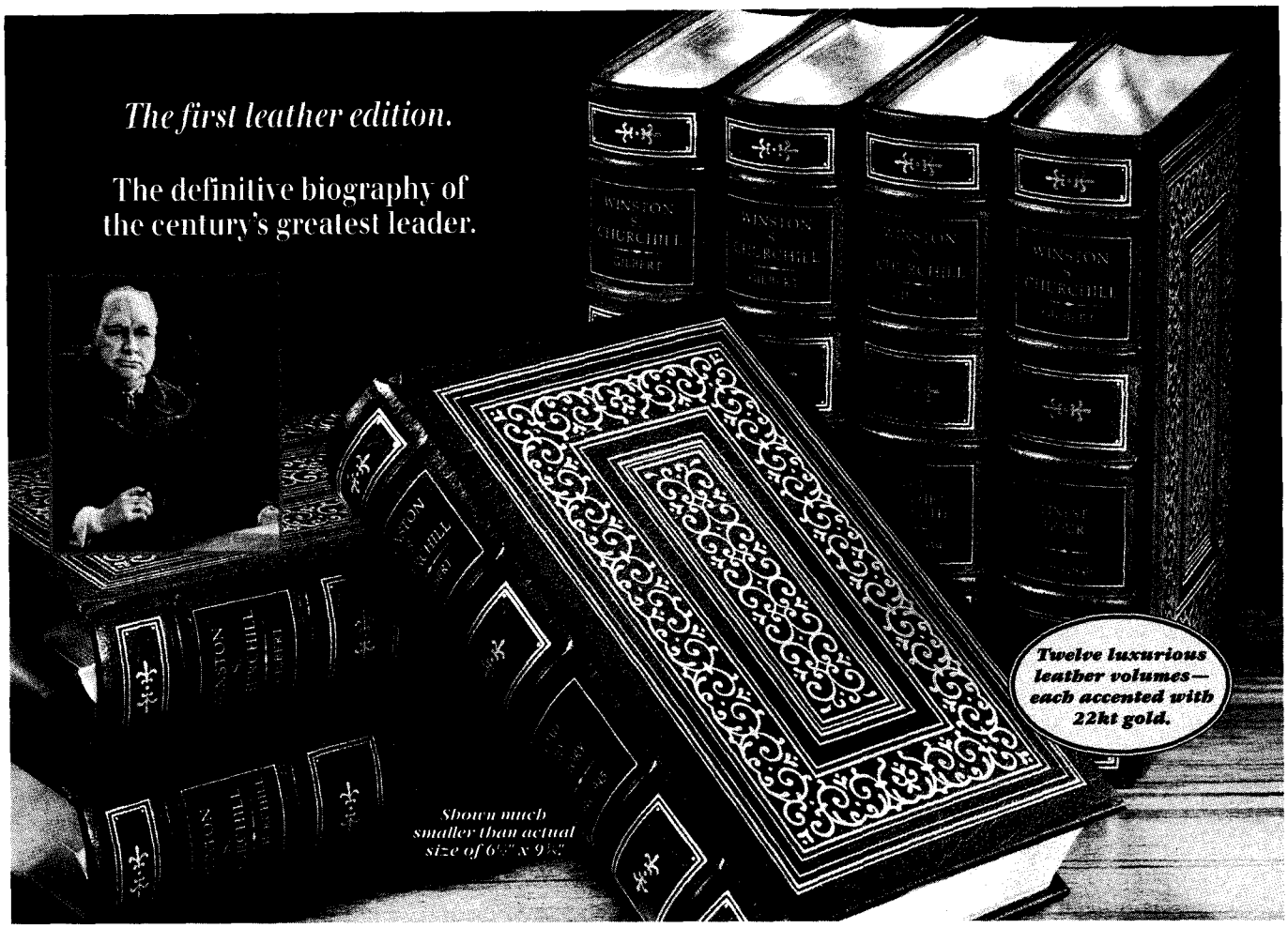
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Talking Budget

Senator Lott, who follows the pea
Under the walnut, trying to be
Get-along Trent with Carnytown Bill,
Monitors all three walnuts until,
Whether the pea's still under a nut
Or underneath the President's butt,
He's as confused as many a rube
Watching Slick Willie working the tube.

—W. H. von Dreele

tween the machine-supported incumbent Harry Connick Sr. and black challenger Morris Reed would have employed poll watchers on Nov. 5, making widespread fraud impossible.

But in an affidavit, Morris Reed says his "campaign did not finance, recruit volunteers, or assign individuals for the position of poll-watchers." In fact, Reed wrote to the Justice Department last October requesting that *it* send observers to monitor the elections. He wrote of New Orleans's top election official—a supporter of Connick—that there are "serious questions about whether he can discharge his official responsibilities fairly and impartially." Reed says today that "there is no doubt in my mind that there was fraud utilized in this election."

Rep. Billy Tauzin (R., La.) is calling on the Justice Department to undertake a criminal investigation of this fraud. But, in the end, the fate of both cases will depend not so much on the evidence of wrongdoing as on the willingness of Republicans to stand up for themselves—and here there's cause for concern.

Dornan is an outspoken conservative who lost to a Hispanic woman. "Senator" Mary Landrieu, meanwhile, is nice and cute, a fine addition to the Senate club. Even if congressional investigations confirm the worst, attempts to call new elections in either case will provoke screams from Democrats and the media. But the GOP should have the fortitude to withstand the noise. Over the course of their year-long retreat, Republicans have seen fit to throw many of their principles overboard. But free and fair elections shouldn't be allowed to go the same way.

Flying Blind

TWO years ago the Navy conducted an inquiry into allegations that standards were lowered in the training of two female combat pilots. One of these pilots, Lt. Kara Hultgreen, was killed while attempting to land an F-14 on the carrier *USS Abraham Lincoln* in October 1994; the second female pilot has since been removed from flight status. The Navy inquiry conducted by Rear Admiral Lyle Bien was finally made public last month. It concedes the charge that extraordinary concessions had been made on behalf of these pilots but seeks to justify the double standard by asserting that the women ultimately qualified—under the lowered standard.

A confidential source had provided details of the pilots' training records to Elaine Donnelly of the Center for Military Readiness, which she then made available to the Senate Armed Services Committee and published in her own special report: "Double Standards in Naval Aviation." Lt. Hultgreen had graduated to the fleet despite low scores and four major errors (downs) on her record, and the second pilot (whose identity Donnelly protected) earned low scores and an astonishing seven downs—the last not recorded so she could pass the course. One or two downs generally result in dismissal of male trainees in the unforgiving world of naval aviation.

The second pilot has since identified herself as Lt. Carey Lohrenz and is suing Donnelly, the *Washington Times*, and the *San Diego Union-Tribune* for publishing information about her training. She charges defamation and damage to her naval career. The lawsuit is an attempt to silence Donnelly, reveal her confidential sources, and intimidate the media. Six retired four-star leaders, including former Chiefs of Naval Operations and former Commandants of the Marine Corps, have rallied to Donnelly's defense even as active duty senior officers seek to appease the feminists.

Despite the Navy's initial attempts to blame the Hultgreen accident on a mechanical failure, its Mishap Investigation Report clearly indicates that pilot error was its primary cause. A dangerous double standard has now been publicly admitted in the Bien inquiry. But the Navy remains willing to maintain a policy which may have already contributed to the death of a courageous young woman. The Elaine Donnelly libel trial will provide an excellent national forum for addressing these issues. Given the cowardice of senior officers in the face of feminism, indeed, it will provide the only forum.

Liable As Charged

WHEN the verdict in O. J. Simpson's civil trial came down, network news anchors were carefully instructed to say that he had been found "liable" for damages, not "guilty." They all performed scrupulously, except for Peter Jennings, who made the slip of saying that "Mr. Guilty" had been found liable.

Mr. Jennings's slip reflected the popular understanding of the second verdict, and the evident reality of the case. Simpson murdered his ex-wife and her friend, was acquitted in a travesty of a criminal trial, and was finally brought, by the Furies in the form of the victims' relatives, to a civil judgment which deprives him of money and (one hopes) peace of mind, though not freedom. The major difference between the two trials was the judges.

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Judge Lance Ito surrendered his court first to television, then to a defense team which he allowed to elaborate the fantasy that Simpson had been framed by racist cops. Paranoid theories of black victimization have wide currency among blacks, and left-wing whites. But without relevant evidence, they should be no more admissible in a court of law than black helicopters or little green men. Judge Hiroshi Fujisaki maintained mental hygiene, and kept the cameras in the courthouse parking lot.

Simpson's lowest moment came when he took the stand to testify that shoes shown to be on his feet in photographs were not his shoes, and that bruises on his wife's face had not been left by him. In a criminal trial, unlike a civil trial, defendants may refuse to take the stand—an old and reasonable safeguard against forced confessions. Less old, and not reasonable, is the practice of instructing jurors to draw no inference from a defendant's taking the Fifth. Judge Ito and his court were probably beyond redemption. But a return to a common sense approach to silence would be a welcome reform in criminal trials.

The Week in Verse

For long the Giant slumber'd, no conquest
Could tempt him from the laurels where he'd rest.
The hero who once brought great *Nixon* low
Of late just chronicled the *status quo*
As from compendious notes he would unscroll
Dull tracts of Clinton's wit, or thoughts of *Dole*.
O *Woodward*! Would you'd effort elsewhere put
And print big things, more worthy of *Bigfoot*!
But as his epigoni near and far
Ineptly fumbled endless hints from *Starr*.
He calmly watch'd them as they botch'd the job.
They'd have to wait for help to come from *Bob*.
At last the story hop'd-for for so long
Appear'd—he wouldn't want to get it wrong—
One morning, and the world was all engross'd
(Or all the world, at least, that reads the *Post*)
In tales of money dropping from the *Tries*
To purchase influence for the *Chinese*.
Who but must think this basket full of eggs?
Who'd dream of saying *Bigfoot* had no legs?
Sure now from *Washington* to *Fukien*,
The world must notice? Maybe even *Glenn*!

But expectation makes us too soon wise:
The *Pope* is Catholic, and *Clinton* lies.
Who doesn't know, at home nor yet abroad,
That his new "balanced budget" is a fraud?
Who doesn't laugh that new-pure *Democrats*
Are promised to a roomful of fat cats?
What though in *Little Rock* there's early spring?
What though *McDougal* promises to sing?
We've seen so much that in the end we're blind;
It's time to give it up. Ev'n *Starr*'s resign'd.
So mighty *Woodward* meets his lonely fate:
He'll not unmask another *Watergate*.
And those who'd have a *President* restore
Respect for th'office glumly wait for *Gore*.

—Juvenal

We Drive, They Stumble

THE latest craze among New York motorists is "E-Z Pass," a gadget the size of a cigarette pack that sticks on your windshield with velcro and lets you pay tolls electronically. The E-Z Pass "tags" are tiny radio devices that transmit a toll-account number to a toll plaza receiver, which debits the account and allows the motorist to roll right through. No more fumbling for change or tokens, no more rolling down the window.

Michael Asher, head of the Metropolitan Transit Authority bridges and tunnels, who was in Washington in February for a federal "roundtable," told the meeting: "This is an extraordinary technology and our customers love it." The MTA has distributed half a million of the tags, the New York State Thruway 200,000. And the Port Authority will convert its Hudson River tunnels and bridges to electronic tags in the summer.

Asher was in Washington because of a *Federal Register* filing by the Transportation Department threatening to impose a national standard for such tags. The filing stated that "None of the [existing] electronic toll facilities are interoperable with regard to reciprocity in collecting tolls." But in the New York area for over a year the Thruway and the MTA have been issuing similar electronic tags and collecting tolls for one another. Indeed, the Port Authority, the New Jersey Turnpike, the Garden State Parkway, and the Pennsylvania Turnpike have had arrangements for "interoperability" since 1995. Northern Virginia and Southern California have a similar arrangement. Since they weren't involved, the feds didn't know.

They backed down after a straw vote failed to garner a single vote for their proposal. The MTA head left the meeting midway through with a smile on his face to fly back to New York, and drive his tagged car home.

The World Well Lost

TWO American women of note died in February. Dorothy Fosdick was the chief foreign-policy adviser to the late Sen. Henry M. Jackson. Her office was called "the bunker," after her adamant refusal to be swayed by neo-isolationist prevailing winds. The daughter of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, she was a person of absolute moral solidity to whom wealth and glitz were unimportant. (When Nelson Rockefeller, then Vice President, made a personal attack on Sen. Jackson, she did not deign to respond, saying only that "my father married him to his *first* wife.") Her passing was marked by modest obituaries in the *New York Times* and the

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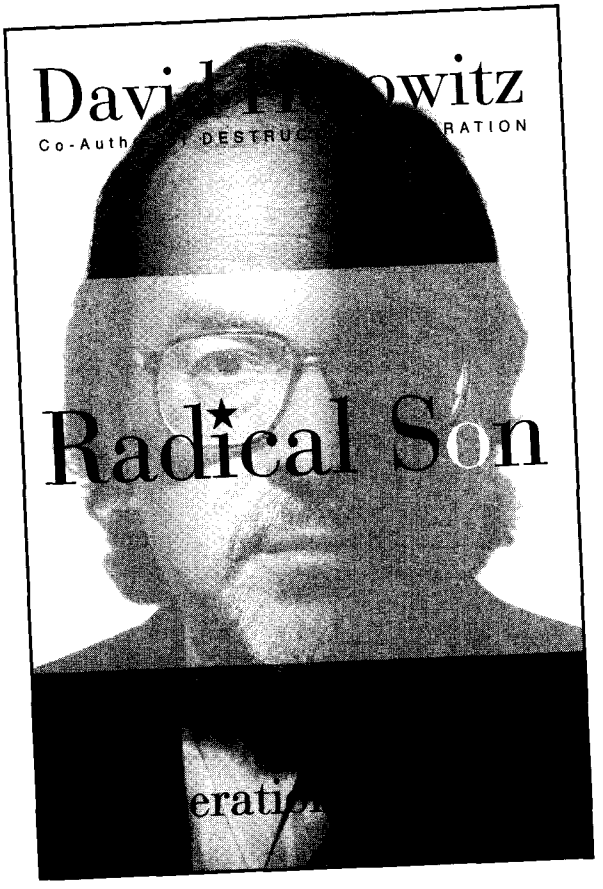

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Though it is really a love story—one man becomes passionately enamored of freedom, responsibility, and reason. Or maybe it's a book about faith healing, a true account of how belief in human dignity and individual rights cures blindness, folly, and hatred. Anyway, everyone who was ever involved with or influenced by the New Left should read David Horowitz's words, and then eat their own. I think the last political book that affected me this strongly was Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*."

—P. J. O'ROURKE

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—MARK FALCOFF, *AMERICAN SPECTATOR*

"Powerful. Hard to put down."

—ERIC BREINDEL, *NEW YORK POST*

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DAVID HOROWITZ is the bestselling co-author of *The Rockefellers* and *The Kennedys*, president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, and co-editor of *Heterodoxy*.

Published by The Free Press, *Radical Son* is available at local bookstores everywhere; or call 800-752-6562 to order copies.

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The Ripples Widen

Though Lisa pulled off tea with Mum
In My Fair Lady, *guests turned numb*
At what slipped by to dunk with Bill
Through, one assumes, a windowsill.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Washington Post, and will be commemorated at a memorial service at Georgetown Presbyterian Church in March.

Compare Pamela Harriman, whose death commanded the front pages. She was the antithesis of Dorothy Fosdick: married many times to rich and powerful men, concerned with allure, fashion, and prominence rather than intellect or accomplishment. Mrs. Harriman's memorial service at the Washington National Cathedral was an event; the Senate (where she never worked a day, and where Dorothy Fosdick spent 28 years) was not in session so that members and their spouses could attend.

So goes the world, especially the world of Washington. Those who worked with Dorothy Fosdick are left with a happy memory of enthusiasm and devotion to duty.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill: Reading *Buckley: The Right Word*, I came across this gem. Remember it? McF

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please be assured that there is not now, nor has there ever been, a rule against beginning a sentence with *and*, although there have been a good many admonitions to that effect by soi-distant arbiters of usage. Most of this nonsense originated among the late Victorians and their turn-of-the-century successors (but not including the brothers Fowler).

Anyone who believes that there is a rule against beginning a sentence with *and*—or with any other coordinating conjunction—simply isn't paying attention.

To convince yourself that I'm telling the truth, all you need do is grab the first half-dozen books at hand and begin turning pages at random. You'll quickly find examples in good plenty of sentences beginning with *and*.

Sincerely yours,
Douglas Crenshaw
Antioch, Tenn.

P.S. To save you some trouble, I herewith append some examples culled from the books nearest my own hand. In the event that these fellows aren't sufficiently authoritative, I also append examples from a longer list I keep for another purpose (including sentences from the prose of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Lamb, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, Carlyle, Mill, Dickens, George Eliot, Arnold, Newman, Ruskin, T. H. Huxley, Pater, Wilde, Shaw, Conrad, Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Beckett, Forstser, Woolf, Lessing, Hulme, Richards, and Empson). After all, high scholars shouldn't be denied rights everybody else has.

1. And then the fog rose from the ground and from the very leaves and through the fog I saw the body.
—William Goyen, "In the Icebound Hothouse"

2. And the strategy worked.
—Paul Johnson, *Intellectuals*

3. And would you write "The worst tennis player around here is I" or "The worst tennis player around here is me"? The first is good grammar, the second is good judgment—although the *me* might not do in all contexts.
—Strunk & White, *Elements of Style*

4. And, for a good fisherman, the object was not to bring home a mess of fish.
—Franklin Burroughs, *Billy Watson's Croker Sack*

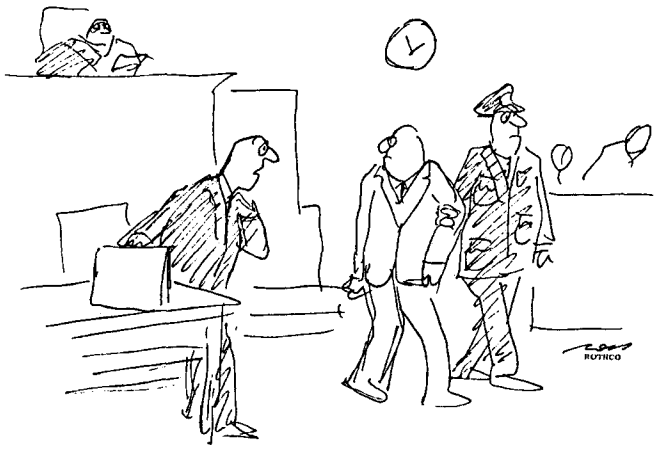
5. And although it is arguable that a faction might insinuate itself into the control of a legislature, this will be the less likely in proportion to the greater size of the area represented. —Max Beloff, introduction, *The Federalist*

6. And a further reason for caution, in this respect, might be drawn from the reflection, that we are not always sure that those who advocate the truth are actuated by purer principles than their antagonists.
—*The Federalist* (#1 Hamilton)

7. And what inspired guesses there have been!
—Malcolm Muggeridge, *Confessions of a Twentieth-Century Pilgrim*

8. And wearily, but not *simply* wearily, he returned that look. —John Barth, *The Last Voyage of Somebody the Sailor*

Dear Mr. Crenshaw: Crenshaw! Stop! I can't stand any more, and you have sent along sixty-two! Cordially,
—WFB



"Sorry, I'm afraid I'm not very good at this."

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CAPITAL SCENE

Men of Zeal?

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

MARK Twain once wrote that "America has no criminal class, except Congress." But then he had never met the Clinton fundraisers.

In the *Wall Street Journal* Paul Gigot spelled out one way it all worked. On January 17, 1996, a shopping-center developer named Herbert S. Miller attends a "coffee" with the President. On February 8, Miller donates $50,000 to the DNC. On February 12, Miller writes to Commerce Secretary Ron Brown describing problems and plans his company, American Malls International, has in Japan. In late March, Brown writes to Japan's trade ministry as follows: "I am writing to you on behalf of American Malls International . . . to request the support of the government of Japan in furthering the progress of a very promising project."

Then there is the John Huang affair. Huang was a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce, had top secret clearance, and attended dozens of top secret briefings about China and Asian affairs. Yet he made more than seventy telephone calls to his former employers at the Indonesian Lippo conglomerate; Lippo was closely involved with Chinese government companies, which were much involved in economic espionage . . . And behold, the campaign money pours forth.

Another amazing specimen is the Energy Capital Partners matter, also reported in the *Wall Street Journal*. Here two Boston businessmen have coffee with the President, raise $3 million for his campaign, and soon thereafter are handed the management of a $200 million HUD loan program that brings no risks and guaranteed profits in the millions. Or perhaps you prefer the five-million-dollar man, Warren Medoff, who passed his business card to the President at a fundraiser with the notation that "My associate has $5 million he is prepared to donate to the DNC." He was soon faxed a list of bank account numbers by Harold Ickes. These were the accounts of tax exempt "voter education" groups, but Ickes also asked for a quick $500,000 for the Democratic National Committee—which, given that such political fundraising is forbidden by law, Michael Kelly of *The New Republic* said "certainly looks like a clear violation of the Hatch Act."

Nor is this all. The *Boston Globe* reported in January that in 1996, President Clinton abruptly reversed course on a key immigration bill eight days after a fundraising dinner raised $1.1 million from Asian donors who opposed the bill. There are more recent reports that policy toward Guam was reversed when donors there came up with ready cash for the campaign, and it appears that per capita the Guamanians were the most generous constituency the Clinton campaign had.

Most serious is the new allegation, appearing in the *Washington Post*, that the embassy of the Peoples' Republic of China was maneuvering to push money in the direction of the Democratic National Committee. This was discovered, the newspapers suggest, through counter-spy operations of U.S. intelligence agencies. If the famous episode of the fundraiser at a Buddhist temple was simply fun, the business of Chinese intervention in American politics is not only distasteful but ominous. Where, truly, will it end?

This and the other revelations about foreign money tell us volumes about the Clinton operation. First, they tell us what careful observers understood to be the Clinton *modus operandi*: namely, take the cash and ask no questions about who is providing it. I worked for a total of four and one half years for the late Sen. Henry M. Jackson and for Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan, including during periods when they were raising campaign money. In my experience no such illegal or corrupt efforts to contribute to their campaigns were made, and it seems to me clear why: it was evident from their conduct that such efforts would be rebuffed and the attempt reported to the proper authorities. But somehow the Indonesian Lippos and the Chinese restaurateurs and the Buddhist "monks" all understood the signals emanating from Clintonland long before the press caught on. It is understood in most Third World countries that a "lobbyist" is someone who knows how much cash is required, knows to whom the cash is to be delivered, and makes the delivery. The Clinton Administration has used much rhetoric about closing the gap between us and the Third World, and perhaps this was what they had in mind.

The Clinton modus operandi *was take the cash and ask no questions.*

No doubt the Clinton campaign would have recoiled in horror from a potential donor identifying himself as a representative of the Red Chinese (not, sadly, from ideological objection, but from practical political judgment). But

Mr. Abrams is an NR *contributing editor.*

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the second thing we have learned should have been obvious from the start; when you agree to take cash from anyone, you abandon control over who your contributors are. Then, who funds the Clinton campaign is a decision made not in the White House but in Jakarta, Beijing, and God knows where else. And since each contributor wishes to buy a different item, what the law calls "depraved indifference" to who the contributors are transmutes quickly into indifference to what is available for purchase.

Thus did the Clinton operation see in the majesty of the United States Government an endless series of possible sales events. Policy was for sale; it is evident that access to regulators and Cabinet-level officials was available in return for greenbacks; indeed the only thing not yet clear is just how far all of this went. What will tomorrow's newspapers bring to light? There are many jokes now about how the Lincoln bedroom was rented out in return for large contributions, and thereby turned into Washington's most famous bed and breakfast; but there is little room for humor. The President's House, a world-wide symbol of American power and distinction, was considered a cash cow.

Now, the press must decide how to handle all of this growing mess, and into what pattern or conceptual scheme to try to fit it. And they have decided; it is the newest Washington scandal and it is just like Iran–Contra, which many of them in fact covered. The pattern— the drip, drip, drip, of facts, the new revelations when officials say there is nothing more to reveal—reminds the press of the 1980s. Notice how the Administration seeks to hold back, they say; notice how they treat us reporters as adversaries; notice how things once denied are later acknowledged. Moreover, the press wishes to defend itself from charges that it was too partisan in Iran–Contra by being "equally" tough now on the Democrats' very similar scandal.

This account has some truth to it, and there may be a certain universal taxonomy of scandals. It is as much human nature as a traditional political tactic to deny bad news and to regard its purveyors as hostile. It is predictable that officials will seek to minimize what reporters will seek to dramatize, and it is likely that through error or guile some denials will later prove "inoperable." In all of this, the comparison between Reagan days and the current mess is fair enough.

Yet that comparison obscures far more than it reveals, for it elevates form over substance. The press is failing to underscore one of the enormous differences between Iran–Contra and the Clinton scandals: *motive*. Everything done in Iran–Contra—on the Iran hostage side and the Contra aid side—was done to further American national security. Everything done in the Clinton scandals—*everything*—was done for money.

This is not to say that everything Reagan era officials did was wise.

Seeking Counsel

NOT long ago Attorney General Janet Reno supported the Independent Counsel statute. Now, with accusations of illegal foreign campaign contributions, money laundering, Hatch Act violations, misuse of tax-exempt groups, unlawful fundraising on government property, and even espionage by the Chinese Communists swirling around the Clinton–Gore White House and the Democratic National Committee, Miss Reno is reluctant to seek the appointment of an independent counsel.

Today she insists that Justice Department prosecutors, who are now investigating these allegations, can conduct a thorough probe. So there's no need for an independent counsel. This argument was among those used by opponents of the act's reauthorization in 1994—an argument Miss Reno then found unpersuasive. In testimony before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee on May 14, 1993, Miss Reno said:

> The reason that I support the concept of an independent counsel with statutory independence is that there is an inherent conflict whenever senior Executive Branch officials are to be investigated by the Department and its appointed head, the Attorney General. The Attorney General serves at the pleasure of the President. Recognition of this conflict does not belittle or demean the impressive professionalism of the Department's career prosecutors, and permit me to say again I have been so impressed with the lawyers in the Department of Justice at every level. They are non-political, they are splendid lawyers, and they have enjoyed the opportunity to work with your staff on this legislation.

Miss Reno also contends that the legal requirements triggering such an appointment don't exist as there's no "specific" and "credible" evidence that a "covered person" (e.g., the President and Vice President) may have committed crimes. But there is specific and credible evidence that Vice President Gore may have knowingly participated in an illegal fundraiser at a Buddhist temple—raising the possibility of a criminal conspiracy.

But another section of the act empowers Miss Reno to invoke the statute "[w]hen the Attorney General determines that an investigation or prosecution of a person . . . may result in a personal, financial, or political conflict of interest." On December 4, 1986, this part of the law was used by Attorney General Edwin Meese to appoint an independent counsel to investigate Oliver North—who was ***not*** a "covered person" under the act. Indeed, during her May 1993 Senate testimony, Miss Reno praised Meese's actions by stating:

> The Iran-Contra investigation, far from providing support for doing away with the Act, proves its necessity. I believe that this investigation could not have been conducted under the supervision of the Attorney General and concluded with any public confidence in its thoroughness or impartiality.

While Meese, who opposed the independent-counsel statute, used it to investigate Iran–Contra, Miss Reno, who once supported the statute, refuses to use it to probe allegations of campaign-finance crimes involving the Clinton–Gore Administration. One need not endorse the independent-counsel law to recognize Miss Reno's hypocrisy.

—MARK LEVIN

Mr. Levin is president of Landmark Legal Foundation.

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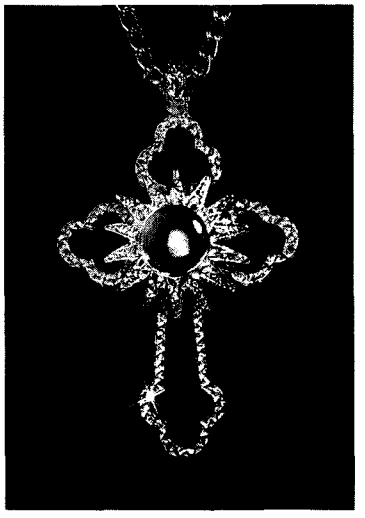

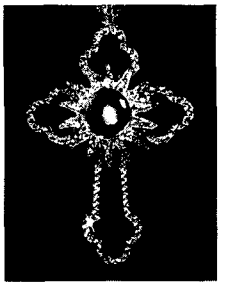

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"Mistakes were made," as the saying goes. But there is a vast difference between a mistake—even a dumb mistake, even a huge error—made in an effort to advance our foreign policy, and one made in an effort to line your own pockets or those of the Democratic National Committee. The unifying theme of the Iran–Contra affair was the struggle for control of American foreign policy. Recall the fight over the Boland Amendments, under which the Democratically controlled Congress sought to bar aid to the Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters and Administration officials sought to keep it flowing. Or think of the argument over whether there were any "moderates" in Teheran with whom we could deal. Remember the way officials (including me) were condemned because they refused to reveal whether foreign governments had helped the Contras, when those governments had received a presidential pledge of confidentiality. The underlying issues here are serious ones, relating both to the age-old struggle between the executive and legislative branches over foreign policy and to the Cold War battle between left and right over how assertive America would be in fighting Communism.

Now consider the Clinton scandals. One must use that term, and in the plural, because we know that "Whitewater" is not the half of it. There are the Arkansas-based scandals related and unrelated to Whitewater, including bank failures, real estate transactions, sexual misconduct, the abuse of official power, false testimony, perjury, and obstruction of justice; and now there are the new Washington scandals, centered around the selling of the Presidency to raise campaign funds. Here the issue relating to foreign entities is not whether they would help to advance our foreign policy but whether we would sell them the right to formulate it.

It is this fundamental difference in *motive* that makes the performance of congressional Democrats so despicable. Honesty should have compelled them to acknowledge that Reagan officials acted—again, whatever mistakes those officials made—to protect the national interest; decency should have forced them to judge even the worst mistakes in the light of this public purpose. But with rare and honorable exceptions, they refused. Today, they refuse to judge the tawdry actions of the Clinton officials in the much worse light cast by their corrupt goals. In fact, *they do the very opposite*, and this is what is so hard to grasp. The Democrats are actually arguing that this difference in motive *favors* the Clinton Administration. How can this be? In the best tradition of Mr. Dooley and "honest graft," they continue to describe the Clinton money scandals as minor stuff, while Iran–Contra, don't you see, "threatened the Constitution." That's the thing about Republicans, according to the Dems: they are *always* "threatening the Constitution," leaving us on the edge of the precipice with a fall into God-knows-what form of tyranny or theocracy just ahead. Compared to this an occasional overzealous use of the collection plate or the little tin box is minor and forgivable. Then-Senators William Cohen and George Mitchell wrote a book called *Men of Zeal* about Iran–Contra, but they don't seem inclined to do a sequel that covers the fundraising techniques of the Clinton Administration.

This is, more or less, the way much of the press sees things as well, skewing coverage of scandals repeatedly. Perhaps Mr. Clinton's troubles will change that, for it is increasingly evident that a "mere" money scandal can be a rather large event. As we have seen, it may be that Mr. Clinton sold access and jobs in Little Rock and Washington, rented the Lincoln bedroom for big contributions, and perhaps worst of all allowed donors to buy a piece of public policy. Is it a defense of such behavior to note that it was done for no larger purpose than to advance the fortunes of the Clintons?

The taxonomy of scandals may need some revisions as the current investigations continue. It is time to distinguish between acts—wise or unwise, smart or dumb, even, yes, legal or illegal—undertaken with the desire to protect the nation, and those motivated by narrow and corrupt political or financial goals. And it is time to distinguish between actors who tried their best to do the nation's business, and those who used their office to seek riches for themselves and their party. Clair George should not be compared with John Huang, nor Bud Macfarlane with Webster Hubbell, nor Caspar Weinberger with Harold Ickes. Nor, most of all, Bill Clinton with Ronald Reagan. At bottom, what led Reagan into his problems were concern for the Iran hostages and a desire to stop Communist expansion in the Americas. From the Whitewater Development Company to those White House "coffees," the motivation of the Clintons and their agents has been cold cash. □

The Center Holds

RICH LOWRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

As soon as the welfare-reform bill passed last year, advocates for disabled children began lobbying the Clinton Administration over the interpretation of a provision in the bill tightening the eligibility requirements for Supplemental Security Income (SSI) benefits. In recent years, the number of children on SSI had exploded as more and more families bilked the program for disability benefits for their kids even if they weren't genuinely disabled. Republicans wanted to crack down on the abuse, but left the details of how to do it up to the Administration. Here was a perfect opportunity for the Administration, elements of which opposed reform in the first place, to undermine the intent of the welfare bill sub rosa.

That's exactly what the children's groups had in mind. They were pushing for an interpretation that would knock at most 40,000 children off SSI. Congressional Republicans thought a reasonable rule would affect some 185,000 children. In mid February the Social Security Administration wrote regulations that would remove an estimated 135,000 from SSI—Republicans were satisfied, children's groups apoplectic. The SSI ruling is indicative of a trend. When the Department of Health and Human Services recently interpreted a welfare reform "maintenance of effort" provision in a dubious way to require more spending from the states, Republicans balked. HHS reversed itself.

The cooperation from the Administration on welfare is an after-effect of a bitter internal battle in 1995 over whether the President should sign the bill, a fight Administration New Democrats won in a rout. A group of high-pow-

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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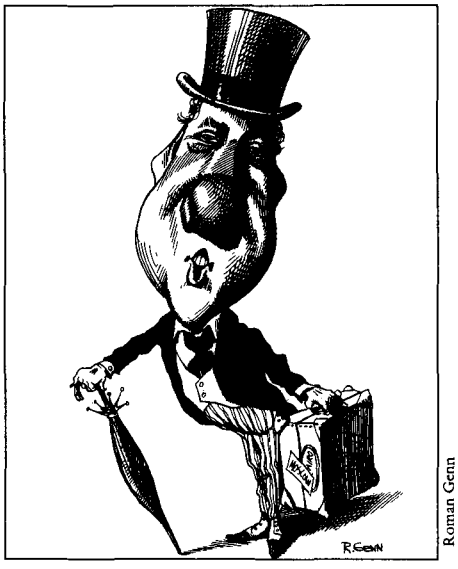
ered liberal policy intellectuals at HHS, including Wendell Primus, Mary Jo Bane, and Peter Edelman, opposed the bill and waged open warfare on those in the White House—including New-Democrat reformer Bruce Reed—who supported it. In the end, Clinton signed the bill, Primus and Co. quit, and New-Democrat true-believer Bruce Reed now heads the Administration's domestic policy shop.

The first few months of the Clinton Administration have given the lie to a favorite claim of Republicans: that a second Clinton term would be marked by a decisive turn to the Left. The President is still talking conservative on values and still committed (in theory) to a balanced budget, while allowing none of his many micro-liberal initiatives to interfere with this broader message of moderation and fiscal restraint. It makes for a difficult environment for Clinton Administration liberals, many of whom have simply left. Those who remain are mainly ensconced in outlying federal agencies and apparently resigned to accepting the political formula that got the President re-elected.

As one Washington observer says of the Clinton Administration: "It's a pre-Reagan moderate Republican regime." Ed Kilgore, the political director of the Democratic Leadership Council (DLC), explains: "There are still a significant number of people left in the White House and key places in the Administration whose history is liberal, but they've made it clear, they're there for the whole ride. There are not many dissenters left in any significant policy-making position." Robert Borosage of the Campaign for America's Future, the liberal counter-part to the DLC, agrees: "Clinton puts his team together to do the politics he wants to do, and he always runs more populist than he governs, so he's putting together a very conservative basic management team."

In his book *Behind the Oval Office*, Dick Morris blames the liberal tilt of the first half of the Administration on the White House staff. The central drama of Morris's book is his struggle with the troika of influential advisors already at the White House when he arrived: Chief of Staff Leon Panetta, "deeply loyal to his Democratic congressional buddies"; Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes, an old-liberal "warrior"; and George Stephanopoulos, who had "an often maddeningly fixed ideology." The key Morris ally in the internal battles was Deputy Chief of Staff Erskine Bowles; according to Morris, the two hugged after they got Clinton to deliver a crucial June 1995 speech endorsing the balanced budget.

Bowles, of course, is now White House Chief of Staff, the most powerful post in the Administration. A North Carolina investment banker, Bowles could easily pass as a country-club Republican. Stephanopoulos has been replaced by Rahm Emanuel, an operative out of the Richard Daley operation in Chicago who has a taste for centrist politics with a wallop. "Wedge issues are truly what Emanuel lives for," an Immigration and Naturalization Service staffer told *The New Republic*, citing Emanuel's efforts to move the Administration as far Right on illegal immigration as possible. Finally, Ickes was ignominiously dumped from Clinton's inner-circle immediately after the election.



Roman Genn

Whether the new personnel and the direction of the Administration constitutes a fundamental shift in American politics and the nature of the Democratic Party, or just canny tactics, remains to be seen. Morris posited that if Clinton triangulated, eventually the rest of the party would follow. Well, maybe. "The Democratic Left in Congress is very frustrated and very combative and deeply worried that they may be politically marginalized," says Will Marshall, president of the centrist Progressive Policy Institute. Administration witnesses at Capitol Hill hearings are familiar with the phenomenon. When an HHS official testified before the House Ways & Means Committee recently about Administration "fixes" to the welfare-reform bill ($21 billion in new spending unlikely to go anywhere in the GOP Congress), she was questioned more harshly by liberal Rep. Pete Stark (D., Calif.) than any Republican.

Indeed, for liberals in Washington Congress is the wrong place to be. Consider Bill Schultz, the Deputy Commissioner for Policy at FDA. A former litigator for the left-wing Ralph Nader group Public Citizen, Schultz once worked for Rep. Henry Waxman (D., Calif.), who as chairman of a key House sub-committee, steadily, but quietly expanded the welfare state. But after the 1994 GOP takeover of Congress, Waxman was out of business. Schultz fortuitously moved over to the FDA, which is involved in exactly the same sort of work as Waxman, broadening the Federal Government's regulatory reach in the name of public health and safety.

But this is nothing the Administration hid during the campaign. When on Feb. 18 the FDA rolled out its new teenage smoking regulations in 25 movie theaters across the nation, with a video message from Vice President Al Gore, it was a just a continuation of the last year's campaign. On issues of health, safety, education, and the environment, the Administration has a free pass; liberals haven't lost the "debate" on these issues the way they have on welfare or the balanced budget. After the election, the EPA proposed new clean-air regulations that are too far-reaching even for liberal Sen. John Chafee (R., R.I.). On education, the President's plans involves a central new role for the Federal Government. And on health care, of course, the Administration is advancing a one-step-at-a-time approach to its comprehensive health-care bill of 1993.

All these proposals have a certain invulnerability, thanks to Dick Morris. Because the President endorses a balanced budget, his liberal initiatives are no longer budget-busters but a reflection of our values, of the national community's desire to protect the environment, care for poor children, etc. Whether this is a New-Democratic departure or just a new rationale for the old liberalism is another question. "Bill Clinton and his party face a choice between advancing an agenda of expansive government in small denominations or bringing about a qualitative change in government," says Will Marshall. But as a practical matter, it doesn't seem to matter—Republicans will cower before either. For now, credit Dick Morris with the last laugh. □

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ON THE SCENE

Undocumented Voters

HAROLD JOHNSON

Bonnie T. Gardner

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

AMID January ad in the *Washington Blade*, a paper for the capital's homosexual community, announced the "Red Ribbon Inaugural Gala," organized by AIDS lobbyist Tom Sheridan. The aim: to aid Loretta Sanchez, the new Democratic congresswoman from Orange County, whose social-issue liberalism gets gay activists cheering almost as robustly as they boo the man she upset on November 5.

The ad described the Red Ribbon affair as a "benefit for Loretta's legal defense against Bob Dornan's continued challenge to overturn his defeat. Let's send him home once and for all."

Five weeks later, that goal of Dornan's foes looks increasingly elusive. Attorneys and investigators working with the ousted nine-term congressman continue to pile up evidence of fraud in an election decided by fewer than one thousand votes. Try as some of them might, journalists in a competitive, two-newspaper county haven't been able to ignore the smell of something rotten in the ballot results. And the Orange County district attorney is on the case.

In short, Miss Sanchez might have need of a few more fundraisers before it's all over—and even then, there's a real chance that she, not Dornan, could be the one sent "home once and for all."

Dornan's people have compiled a knapsack full of what you might call standard-issue irregularities, the kind that made Cook County famous, and that California's lax election rules, which don't require identification from would-be voters, seem to invite in abundance. Dornan points, for instance, to at least 38 double voters, 128 absentee ballots turned in illegally, and more than 900 ballots for which there are no corresponding names on the county registrar's computer tape which is supposed to indicate who voted. Does that numbers gap reflect clerical error—or ballot-box stuffing? Or a bit of both?

Most investigation so far has focused on noncitizens allegedly recruited to the polls by the Latino advocacy group Hermandad Mexicana Nacional, which is a sub-contractor providing citizenship classes for the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

The law says you must be a citizen to register to vote, a fact declared prominently, and repeatedly, on registration forms in California. Yet the *Los Angeles Times* reported on February 8 that 600 resident aliens were signed up to vote through the efforts of Hermandad, and that 407 of those people went on to cast ballots on November 5.

In addition, the paper found 105 apparently illegal aliens who also voted after registering through Hermandad.

In an affidavit produced to get a warrant to search Hermandad's Santa Ana offices, the D.A. quotes five unnamed informants, all noncitizens who were registered to vote by Hermandad. Two of them say that every person who completed an INS interview at Hermandad's headquarters was then registered to vote by Hermandad employees, before any of these registrants had become a citizen.

If that is true, it could mean hundreds or thousands more illegal votes, because as many as 12,000 people went through Hermandad classes in the months prior to the election.

The investigators working on behalf of Dornan's election challenge are frustrated that the INS won't release the citizenship status of voters, or, apparently, won't do any investigating on its own. "If the INS would be open and forthright enough to give us this data, we could get this investigation over with in a couple of days," attorney Michael Schroeder, who heads Dornan's effort, told me in early February.

On Valentine's Day, Schroeder's wish was partially fulfilled—but not courtesy of INS officialdom. Rather, he was visited on the quiet by an INS agent who angrily complained that the agency acquiesced in illegal voting. The whistleblower brought thousands of names of people who had been enrolled in citizenship classes in Dornan's district—many of whom hadn't become citizens by November 5. Hermandad was not the only group giving citizenship classes under INS contract. And, the whistleblower claims, Hermandad wasn't the only organization that registered noncitizens.

The Dornan team is now cross-checking the names delivered by this INS Deep Throat against the voter-registration rolls. The number of verifiably illegal votes cast in the 46th district seems certain to climb.

ONE of the most astute—and cautious—members of the Dornan investigative squad has said to me, without qualification, "We've won." He cites four developments that he believes will eventually guarantee that a new election will be called.

First, he sees indications that the district attorney's office isn't conducting a narrow inquiry, but is casting its net beyond Hermandad to other immigrant-activist groups that might have registered people illegally.

Second, the House Oversight Committee seems poised to act aggressively on Dornan's election challenge. Chairman Bill Thomas personally signed a subpoena ordering the D.A.'s office to share with the panel all data it got from

Mr. Johnson is an editorial writer for the Orange County Register.

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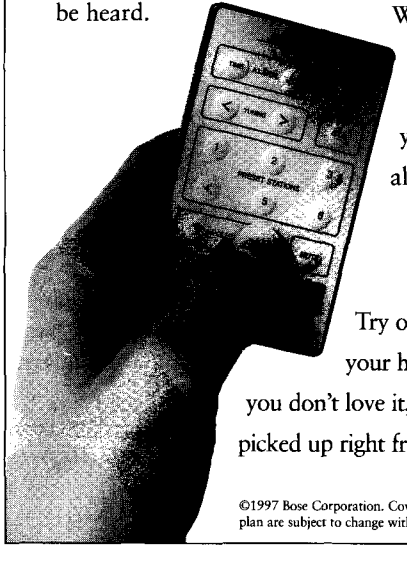

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its January 14 search of Hermandad's headquarters.

Third, Dornan's people are now empowered to issue their own subpoenas as part of the election-challenge process. And last, there is the stealthy assistance they're getting from INS staffers who allege that their agency was turned into a tool for the Democratic election machine.

On February 24, a subcommittee of Rep. Thomas's oversight panel is due to make an initial decision on how to handle the Dornan case. At some point it could conduct a trial-like hearing in Orange County, calling witnesses and sifting evidence, and present its judgment to the full committee, and ultimately, the full House.

Meanwhile, another House panel—the Government Reform and Oversight Committee, chaired by Dan Burton of Indiana—might pay a visit of its own to Orange County. Among its concerns: the millions in federal dollars showered on Hermandad and other immigrant-rights groups that have 501(c)3 tax-exempt status but nevertheless push an openly partisan agenda. (Hermandad's newspaper, for instance, carried endorsements of Clinton and Sanchez.)

Did Loretta Sanchez know anything about noncitizens registering and voting? "I want to see her asked that question under oath by one or more House committees," a local GOP congressman told me.

Some observers doubt that she was in the loop. But her record isn't hound's-tooth clean. The *Los Angeles Times*, no friend of Dornan, stayed neutral in the November congressional election. It declined to endorse Sanchez because she showed "questionable judgment" in becoming a business associate with Howard O. Kieffer, a Democratic activist sentenced in 1989 to five years in prison for swindling the Federal Government out of more than $200,000. Sanchez even used his office as her campaign headquarters in last March's primary.

The potency of Dornan's challenge can be gauged by the fact that a counter-offensive against investigators has begun. Hermandad supporters have picketed the *Los Angles Times* each time it has run stories exposing noncitizen voting. And the group's attorney accused the D.A.'s office of "strong-arm" tactics for seizing citizenship-class lists when the search-warrant was served on the group's offices.

Strong-arming? Hermandad might know a thing or two about that concept. Two of the confidential informants quoted in the D.A.'s affidavit asked to have their names withheld out of fear for their safety, according to the affidavit. One of them said, "Hermandad Mexican Nacional is very powerful and would harm [me] if it was known [I] was cooperating with law enforcement."

The affidavit also said Hermandad officials contacted individuals who had signed up to vote, "advising them not to cooperate with anyone who comes to their home asking questions about their citizenship."

There is much hyperventilating from Hermandad sympathizers about their "civil rights" being under siege.

But whose freedoms are really subverted when invalid ballots pollute the system? Surely not the polluters'.

"Hermandad is endeavoring to transmute the First Amendment into a sword to repulse legitimate criminal investigations and the prosecution of those who commit criminal acts," argued Deputy District Attorney E. Thomas Dunn Jr., in response to Hermandad's claim that the search of its offices violated constitutional protections.

Whatever else the Dornan challenge accomplishes, it will perform a service if it reminds us of the genuine civil-rights interest that attends the ballot box: the right of legitimate voters, of all colors, not to have their ballots diluted by the introduction of phony votes.

Bob Dornan never tires of recounting how he participated in the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington. Thirty-four years later, in challenging fraudulent voting, he is essentially singing another chorus of "We shall overcome." □

Divided They Stand

THOMAS McARDLE

Frederick H. Carlson

DERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, on January 30, 1972, thirteen Catholic protesters were shot dead and thirteen others injured by the elite 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment, "the Paras," during an unapproved civil rights march in this grim but beautiful city. None of those hit were wanted by the security forces, and the British Paras' mayhem on "Bloody Sunday" cannot be excused, as Britain then half-admitted. Indeed, Prime Minister John Major promises a new enquiry if given new evidence.

New evidence arrived this year: *Eyewitness Bloody Sunday: The Truth*, compiled by Don Mullan, a longtime human-rights activist. It contains over a hundred contemporary eyewitness accounts of the Bloody Sunday tragedy, almost all of which dispute the troops' claim they were simply returning heavy fire. Mullan also believes he has evidence of a non-Para British sniper firing from the high ground at the Derry Walls. If true, that would suggest a pre-meditated army assault, with little regard for life, in order to regain control of the Bogside. In the immediate aftermath it succeeded.

In the longer term, however, Bloody Sunday proved to be a propaganda victory for the IRA. This year, I traveled to Northern Ireland with a group of over a dozen Irish-Americans for its 25th anniversary. Our trip was essentially an agitprop tour which culminated in thirty thousand marchers retracing the steps of the original civil-rights march. British Army cruelty was often on the lips of my companions.

But while Sinn Fein/IRA demand apologies from the British, where are the apologies for their many atrocities? On

Mr. McArdle is a reporter for Investor's Business Daily *and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.*

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Bloody Friday, for instance, the IRA set off 22 bombs in Belfast's city center, killing 9 people and seriously injuring 130. The larger truth is that of the more than 3,200 killings in Northern Ireland since 1968, 59 per cent have been of Catholics. Close to 2,000 were victims of the IRA, the Irish National Liberation Army and other Republican groups. By comparison, less than 400 have died at the hands of the British Army and security forces.

Murder is only the extreme end of a pervasive IRA brutality. In West Belfast, the IRA is the Mafia, financed by weekly levies from bars, night clubs, taxicab companies, and the construction trade, and by millions of dollars' worth of tax fraud schemes. It punishes petty crime like teenage joyriding by "kneecapping," shooting the flesh near the joints of the knees, and for repeat offenders the ankles and elbows as well—a "six pack." A "50-50" is a bullet in the spine, with the victim's chances of survival about even. The recent IRA ceasefire dictated modifying these punishments. Victims are now beaten with nail-studded baseball bats and iron bars. (Loyalist terrorism, to be sure, is at least as savage—but is at present on hold.)

No wonder that in the 1994 election, Sinn Fein got less than 30 per cent of the votes of those who want to leave the United Kingdom. Even in hardcore Republican areas like the Falls Road in Belfast, Sinn Fein gets only about half the vote. But distance lends enchantment to those Irish-Americans who support the IRA. If my own case—a Bronx teenager with immigrant parents from the "Bandit Country" near the border—is any guide, only living in Ireland can cure it.

There is an eerie sense of calm before the storm in Northern Ireland today. The IRA is brilliantly exploiting the respectability it gained from its brief and now abandoned ceasefire. A long-sought-after objective—the end of Radio Telefis Eireann's 25-year-old ban on broadcasting terrorists—having been secured, the Southern airwaves are Gerry Adams's for the taking. Renewing the ban is seen as too "reactionary" and "threatening to the peace process" for the South to consider. The peace process must continue, no matter how many people get killed.

For the image-conscious and besuited Adams is no longer a lone anomaly in Sinn Fein. Caoimhghin O'Caolain (Kevin Keelan in English) will be running for a Dail Eireann seat in the Cavan–Monaghan constituency in the Republic's border country. His appearance belies the reality of a militant IRA apologist: bald, bespectacled, chubbier and shorter than average, and sporting a wispy, trimmed pepper-and-salt beard. But even more out of kilter is his manner: soft-spoken and intellectual with an almost affected bookish accent—surely no hardcore Irish Republican but the late film actor Donald Pleasance.

The IRA is brilliantly exploiting the respectability it gained from its brief and now abandoned ceasefire.

O'Caolain is someone who, even more than Adams, could woo the Al Gores and the Teddy Kennedys. If O'Caolain wins—and Monaghan today casts a plurality of votes for Sinn Fein—it will be the first time since 1957 that Sinn Fein has won a seat in the Irish Dail. That would be a major breakthrough.

But the IRA's dark side is never far away. Another elected Sinn Fein councillor in Monaghan is Owen Smith, a former IRA prisoner, who after a few drinks in Derry the night before the march was bragging that he owned a Koran personally presented to him by Qadaffi during his terrorist training in Libya. He may even be telling the truth.

Sinn Fein/IRA's alternation of terror and politics poses major problems for Catholic leaders like Derryman John Hume who leads the Catholic-majority SDLP. His party opposes IRA violence and dwarfs Sinn Fein in popular support, and Hume himself played a large part in securing the brief IRA ceasefire with his overtures to Gerry Adams. He continues regular talks with Adams. But cracks are beginning to show.

Surrounded by IRA supporters at a panel with Sinn Fein's chairman Mitchel McLaughlin on the eve of the anniversary march in the Bogside, Hume completely lost control. When asked why the SDLP would not support "agreed candidates" with Sinn Fein this year (to avoid Unionist parliamentary victories in Nationalist areas), Hume roared that he couldn't understand why Sinn Fein isn't "behaving like a normal political party." He was jeered by the crowd, as McLaughlin sat and laughed.

Even those in the minority which wants a united Ireland cannot agree on its political shape. As McLaughlin cheerfully explained to anyone willing to listen, there is only one kind of united Ireland Sinn Fein/IRA is really interested in: "a democratic, socialist republic, a little Cuba off the coast of Western Europe . . . I want to see a total revolution in this country." Curiously, those willing to listen do not include the U.S. press.

If Ireland is poised for bloodier days, some of the blame must go to John Major. In a bid to propel his unremarkable government into the history books, Major has re-energized Sinn Fein. By agreeing to initiate communications with the IRA, he transformed Gerry Adams into an international celebrity welcome from the White House to the Larry King show. Now, Major is blamed for the failure of all-party talks over the issue of decommissioning the IRA's weapons stockpile when he should have known that the IRA would never agree to decommissioning and that Unionists would never settle for anything less in return for accepting Sinn Fein at the table. To nationalists Major is the villain whose "fear of peace" let the hopes of a settlement slip away.

Before thousands of IRA supporters at Derry Guildhall, for instance, author and former *Irish Press* editor Tim Pat Coogan, known from his book jacket as "Ireland's greatest living journalist," got thunderous applause for scoffing at Major. "Two men with a pair of shovels in a shed in County Fermanagh could make a weapon, or defuse a weapon, in a few hours. You can't decommission shovels." You can, however, decommission AK-47s and the tons of other weapons which the IRA got from Libya and the Soviets and which it still holds.

COOGAN did not confine his attack to Major and his colleagues like Northern Ireland Secretary Sir Patrick Mayhew ("a hemorrhoidal seal in pinstripes"). In the official mythology of republicanism, Ulster Protestants are supposedly fellow-Irishmen. Sure, wasn't Wolfe Tone a Protestant? Before a friendly audience, however, these niceties tend to be forgotten. Ulster Unionism? "It's like bad wine. It doesn't travel well," said Coogan gleefully.

It is indeed difficult for outsiders to appreciate the Unionist viewpoint, espe-

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cially when they see only its ugly side, such as the Rev. Ian Paisley getting thrown out of the European Parliament during a papal address for holding up a sign: "John Paul II Antichrist." But Unionists—some of them Catholic—are the majority in Northern Ireland. If unification lies in Ireland's future, it must recognize their nationality and rights.

For the foreseeable future, however, the Unionists are an immovable democratic obstacle to Irish unity. With the IRA launching another terror campaign to achieve it, what can be done? Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish liberal writer and politician, advocates interning the men of violence. It is theoretically possible. The British know almost every terrorist—Republican and Loyalist—in the province. But unlike 1972 it would have to be imposed on IRA and Loyalist terrorists alike—*and* enjoy the support of Dublin. Probably, however, more people will need to be killed by the IRA before Dublin gets the political will

Meanwhile, although there are stories in the British press that the Clinton Administration is backing away from Gerry Adams and planning to replace Jean Kennedy Smith as its Ambassador in Dublin, the news has not yet reached the Sinn Fein/IRA faithful. Walk into the heavily fortified Sinn Fein store on the Falls Road in Belfast and you can buy not only souvenirs ranging from tin whistles to pro-Castro pamphlets, but also a framed color photograph of President Clinton shaking hands with Gerry Adams—with a smile on the President's face as big as all of Arkansas. □

Japan's Red Inc.

JOHN DIZARD

WALL STREET

SOMETHING nasty is happening to Japan's financial system. In the short run—and contrary to what I used to think—it could cause a flight to U.S. bonds, which would be bullish. But in the long run, it just might mean a U.S. bond market crash, higher interest rates here, and even the end of the line for the great Bush/Clinton boom.

It was just a half a dozen lines long, but the wire service report that crossed bond traders' desks on February 3 had the effect of putting the speculators at the market's edge on the equivalent of a war alert.

Ordinarily, the monthly statement from the Bank of Japan disclosing its foreign exchange reserves is pretty dull. The number invariably marches up, as the Bank buys more dollars or other currencies flooding into the country from the sale of all those cars, Nintendo games, watches, and stereos. The dollars then go into the Bank's Treasury bond accounts, mostly with the Federal Reserve, where they pile up in the single biggest support for the U.S. government's borrowing program.

But now, for the first time in three years, the BOJ reserves declined. The traders quickly did their arithmetic and realized the Bank had spent money supporting the weakening yen. Which meant that the biggest owner of U.S. Treasury bonds had turned into a seller.

American hedge-fund managers, the ones who are betting a lot of their own money along with their investors', have spent some time, and, who knows, maybe some money developing their own sources within the Japanese Ministry of Finance. They have to. As the American public has deserted the bond market in search of what it believes are guaranteed double digit returns in stocks, speculators and foreign central banks have become the lenders of new money to the Federal Government, and, by extension, all of us.

The speculators want to be a friend of the trend. And the trend, they believe, is likely to be set in Tokyo.

Here's the problem: the Japanese banking system is insolvent. There may be, indeed is likely to be, a major bank failure after the end of the Japanese fiscal year on March 31. The most likely candidate to take a fall is the Nippon Credit Bank. Does this mean the Japanese will buy U.S. bonds or sell U.S. bonds? Does it mean the yen will drop further with the financial crisis, or does it mean that it will rise as foreign assets are repatriated? What is the Bank of Japan's rescue plan? Or, rather, is there a plan?

"It's on this question that all of 1997 turns," says Ray Dalio. Dalio runs Bridgewater Associates, a $5.5 billion hedge fund dedicated to the global fixed-income and currency markets.

There are two sides to the debate. The bond bears, of which I have been one, believe that the BOJ may be forced to liquidate part of its U.S. bond holdings to provide dollars for the Japanese banks or to keep the U.S. currency from rising to unacceptable levels. The bond bulls think that both the BOJ and the Japanese private institutions will have to buy more U.S. paper, which will supply the fuel for a rally in the T-bond market.

I've been converted—at least for much of this year.

The Bank of Japan is faced with an economy that is still in dire need of stimulation. The Japanese government has created a huge fiscal deficit attempting to offset the contraction in the private economy with public works projects and spending schemes. Now that the elections for Japan's parliament are past, it's going into reverse, increasing consumption-based taxes and reducing the pork projects.

So Japanese fiscal policy has become more contractionary. Theoretically, monetary policy could be stimulative. But the overregulated, in fact, rigged Japanese markets are in what the Keynesians used to call a liquidity trap. Only in this case (sorry, liberals) the liquidity trap is caused by government-orchestrated planning, not eliminated by its application.

The Bank of Japan can't cut rates any further—short-term interest rates in Japan are one-tenth what they are in the U.S. Even at that low level, the commercial banks can't find enough good private borrowers to lend to. Private borrowers are just too gloomy. This process can get to the point where prices can be falling while interest rates are still positive, which is a deflationary depression. That is no fun, as you learned from all of those black-and-white newsreels about breadlines, farm foreclosures, etc.

The Japanese banking system is insolvent. There is likely to be a major bank failure after March 31.

Mr. Dizard is an NR *contributing editor and writes* NR*'s Gekko page.*

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The most effective tool the Bank of Japan has left is devaluation of the yen, which has the effect of importing some inflation, and providing enough monetary stimulation to keep the economy steady while the private sector gets back on its feet. Exporters such as the auto companies or electronics exporters get to cut their prices or increase their profits.

This is where the unstable Japanese financial structure comes in. The private financial institutions have their own reasons to want to buy foreign securities, especially the U.S. Treasury bond. Basically, they have been borrowing from the Bank of Japan at one half of one per cent, then buying U.S. Treasury bonds, and maybe leveraging it 10 to 1—make that 20 to 1.

And the extra profit that the investment community can earn on U.S. bonds will help keep the leaky system afloat for a while longer.

You see the kind of desperate thinking that might be going on here. The natural question, this being Japan, is, would the authorities go along with this joke when they audit your books. In the old days, the answer would be no, because T-bond purchases were limited by statute and practice. Now the answer is yes.

There is still a catch. Sure, you can earn more with those American bonds. Maybe enough to pay your outgoings. But what if the dollar gets devalued again? If the buck is going for around 125 yen, then you can only stand a hit of about 12 or 13 yen until you've lost more on the devaluation than you've made in extra yield. So you want the Bank of Japan to make sure the dollar stays up.

That means that as long as the Ministry of Finance, the Bank of Japan, and the rest of the Japanese financial establishment depend on yen devaluation to give an inflationary kick to the economy, they're going to make sure that someone is buying U.S. government debt. If the private financial sector falters for a week or a month, the BOJ will make up the difference.

It's nice of Japan (and its long-suffering taxpayers) to prop up our bond-market and our dollar. But can this go on indefinitely?

I don't believe so.

In the long run, as the Japanese know, they will have to end the anti-market regulations, laws, and practices that pervade their now high-cost economy. They will also have to get through what will be a justifiably harsh political reaction by the public to the bungled government management of the financial system, made worse by corruption.

In the short run, there will be a tense moment or two coming up in the very near future. Right now a batch of unsigned documents is circulating around the Ministry of Finance. They lay out a draft plan for letting a major bank fail. It seems there's a little difficulty getting the right officials to put their chop marks on the bottom line, because if it all goes wrong, it can go very, very badly wrong indeed.

Eventually, the Japanese economy will reflate and Japanese bond-buyers will be attracted back home. Plus, there is a long term decline going on in the Japanese trade surplus. Eventually, believe it or not, Japan will have to sell its foreign holdings to pay for part of its imports. And meanwhile the Bank of Japan will occasionally be a net seller of U.S. bonds to prevent a "disorderly" rise in the dollar.

Bottom line: unless Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin can find a new lender for the U.S. government, interest rates here must rise. Eventually. Sooner (as I used to think) or later. Whatever. When it happens, neither our economy nor our stock market will like it. □

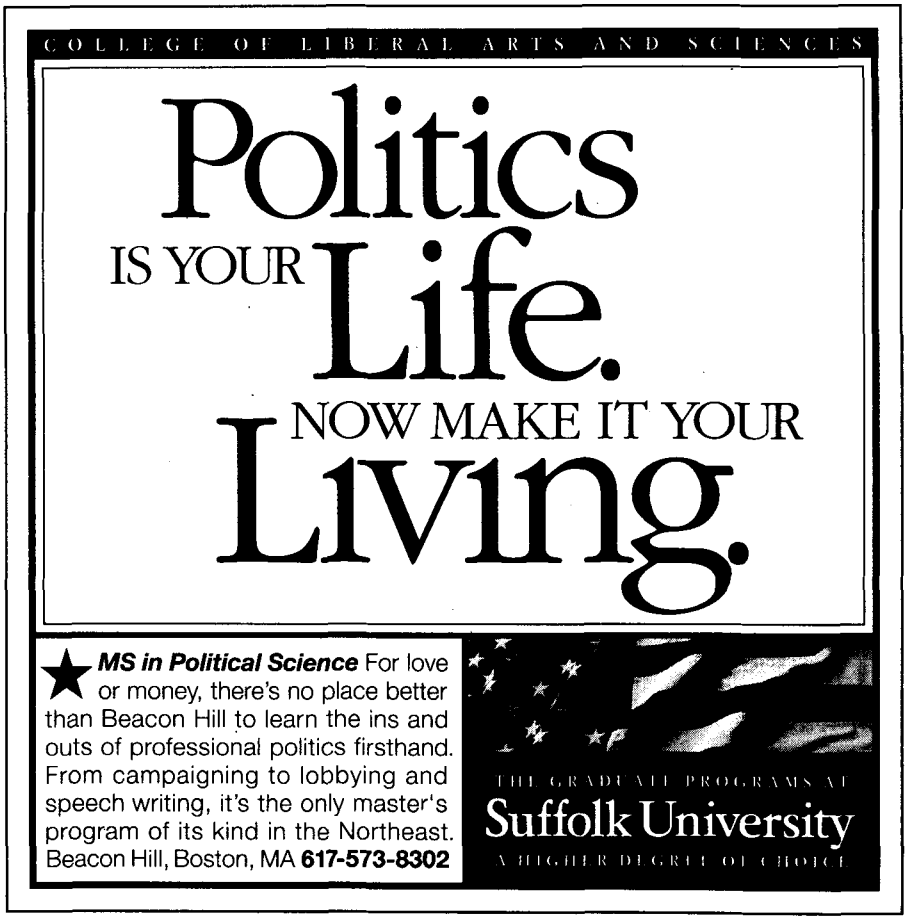
The Third Degree

ROGER KIMBALL

NEW YORK

WHEN on Monday, February 10, the New York State Board of Regents voted to oust the Trustees of Adelphi University, something happened that should keep every university president and trustee —indeed anyone concerned about higher education—awake nights. At stake is the autonomy of independent universities in New York and the future of col-

Mr. Kimball is the managing editor of The New Criterion.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lective bargaining in colleges throughout the U.S.

The Regents' vote is the climax of a long faculty insurrection at Adelphi, an independent liberal-arts institution on Long Island. Last August, the Regents convened public hearings to assess a petition against the trustees. It had been entered by a small group of disgruntled faculty with the Orwellian name of the Committee to Save Adelphi (henceforth CSA). Under section 226(4) of New York's Education Law, it sought to remove the Adelphi board for "misconduct, neglect of duty, and/or the failure of the Board to carry into effect the educational purposes of the university."

The fact that the Regents opted to proceed with hearings in the first place—a virtually unprecedented step for the Regents to take—naturally did much to reinforce public perception of the gravity and legitimacy of the charges. But as the hearings unfolded, it became clear that the case against Adelphi was built on a tissue of irrelevancies, groundless allegations, and the resentment of a few disenchanted faculty members. In essence, the "case" against Adelphi was a labor dispute masquerading as a battle over educational principle. It is not insignificant that the attorneys for the CSA are the same attorneys representing the faculty union in its labor negotiations with the university.

The petition lodged by the CSA contained a wide range of allegations, including improper self-dealing by members of the Adelphi board. To the best of my knowledge, not a single charge was proved. But the main charge alleged that the college president, Peter Diamandopoulos, was overpaid and mismanaged the university.

A bit of history: When Mr. Diamandopoulos took on the presidency in 1985, the university was on the edge of bankruptcy. Every year under his stewardship, the university has run an operating surplus. Since 1985, Adelphi's endowment and cash reserves have grown from about $4 million to over $40 million. Some $50 million has been invested in upgrading the physical plant. Faculty teaching loads have been reduced by 25 per cent; faculty salaries have been increased some 32 per cent above the consumer price index. At the same time, student SAT scores have soared by about 100 points, by nearly 200 points in the newly created honors college. Finally, Mr. Diamandopoulos assembled one of the most distinguished boards of trustees of any American university.

This hardly sounds like a litany of mismanagement and "neglect of duty." In fact, it's a striking success story. Not that Mr. Diamandopoulos hasn't faced challenges, including—as at most colleges today—a shrinking pool of applicants and declining enrollment. But the long and sordid list of malfeasance concocted by the CSA was malicious fantasy.

Why then did the Regents vote to oust the Adelphi board? What does this ominous precedent portend? These are questions that have many people worried and give the Regents' hearings a significance that goes far beyond Adelphi.

The campaign against Adelphi really got under way on September 30, 1995, when the *New York Times* ran a front-page story attacking Diamandopoulos. The *Times*'s story, plainly prompted by

Frederick H. Carlson

the faculty insurgency at Adelphi, conferred the appearance of legitimacy on the allegations made by the CSA, and it was not long before other media—newspapers, magazines, even TV—repeated the allegations. In October 1995, the *Times* weighed in again with a lead editorial luridly titled "The Plundering of Adelphi." In succeeding months the *Times* published literally scores of stories in its continuing effort to discredit Mr. Diamandopoulos and the Adelphi board. It was a textbook demonstration of how a show-trial by media can undermine the reputation of an institution.

At the end of August, when the Regents hearings were underway, James C. Ross, president of the Commission on Independent Colleges and Universities, wrote to Carl T. Hayden, the chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents, to express his dismay over the way the proceedings against Adelphi were being handled. Mr. Ross expressed particular concern that institutions of higher education not be subjected to a public hearing without "procedural due process that is fair, predictable, and uniform as to all parties."

Having attended some of the sessions, I share Mr. Ross's concern. Hostile and sarcastic counsel for the CSA badgered Mr. Diamandopoulos and Adelphi board members about a vast range of unsubstantiated allegations and irrelevant detail. Was it not true, a hectoring counsel asked, that the president's car had a moon roof? When the philosopher John Silber, former president of Boston University and a very distinguished educator, testified as a board member, he was treated with shameful rudeness and contempt by the Regents, one of whom described his response as "simple-minded" and accused him of being on a "crusade."

And what about Mr. Diamandopoulos's compensation? A much-quoted story from *The Chronicle of Higher Education* reported that Mr. Diamandopoulos's compensation was the second highest of any university president in the country. Another study estimates that he ranks about 25th. But the question is whether scrutinizing a president's compensation falls within the legitimate purview of the newly activist Regents.

For 12 years, Mr. Diamandopoulos took a stand against prevailing ideological fashions, especially the intellectually hollow demands for radical multiculturalism and political correctness. He strove to transform Adelphi from a third-rate commuter college into a respectable liberal-arts institution. He recruited scholars with international reputations and held the entrenched faculty to an intellectual standard higher than they were prepared to meet. These were his real sins.

When the Regents voted to remove the Adelphi board, they sent a clear message to disenchanted faculty cliques everywhere: take your grievances not to the bargaining table but to the press. As I write, a new board, composed mostly of intellectual nonentities, has been appointed and is poised to take over. They will doubtless move quickly to replace Peter Diamandopoulos with a puppet of suitably invertebrate qualities. In this battle, the forces of darkness have won. Adelphi will now sink back into its trough of mediocrity. □

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GEKKO

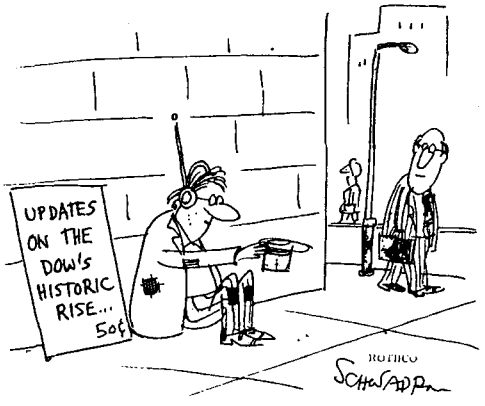
THE forces of darkness in the international markets took another hit last month with the fall of the so-called Socialist (read Communist) government in Bulgaria. When it was announced that a new Parliament would be elected in April, there was cheering not only among Bulgaria's democrats, but also among my friends at the more speculative end of the international bond markets. We in the Street are all in favor of democracy, but our enthusiasm really picks up when there's a fast buck to be made at it.

By the end of last year, most players in the emerging-markets bond world figured the easy money had been made. People who had bet on turnarounds in the seedier end of the market (the bonds of places like Nigeria or Venezuela) had pocketed returns of maybe 50 or 60 per cent on their money—more if they were leveraged—before passing the paper on to the public. But what was left? If they had read this column back in December, they would have already dumped their Ecuadorian bonds after making a quick turn. The only basket case/turnaround story left was Bulgaria.

Unfortunately, Bulgaria does not have a great fundamental story. Russia has untold wealth in the readily convertible form of oil, metals, wood, gold, and some still-serviceable weapons. Bulgaria has attar of roses, which you use in perfumes I find somewhat overpowering, and canned fruit. For electric power, it depends on a couple of Chernobyl-style nukes that are held together with Scotch tape, bailing wire, and Eastern Rite prayers. The business community (if that's the term I'm looking for) is remarkable for criminality even by neighborhood standards. In Russia, some people seek to apply technology to productive use; in Bulgaria, unless you consider the refining of opium derivatives to be a form of manufacturing, there is little in the way of conventional commercial dynamism.

But the Bulgarians have, perhaps unwittingly, stumbled on what could be called the Costa Rican model of development. Back in the Sixties, the Costa Ricans realized that what the American government most wanted to hear was that free elections were going to be held on schedule. For that, they'd put up more aid money and cheap credits. Not being fools, the Costa Ricans organized more elections more frequently than anywhere in the world. They didn't bother with an army, since they knew the Americans believed the Marines to be enough of a security guarantee. So for years they prospered off peace and transfer payments. When the aid money got a little thin, they squeezed Robert Vesco for payoffs. When that wasn't enough, they recruited credulous bankers. When new loans ran out, they defaulted or rescheduled on easy terms. Why not? After all, they were a democracy. It's as if Dick Morris had replaced Lee Kwan Yew as an inspiration for a development model.

"Now all the Bulgarians have to do is assume an attitude of abject subservience to the IMF and the World Bank," says one of my people. "A few brochures would help—you know, something like 'The Switzerland of the Balkans.'" In a way, the legacy of the Bulgarian Socialist Party helps—a stark contrast with the promise of the indefinite future. The caretaker government has even petitioned to join NATO. And before the Congress, or the CIA, or the World Bank, takes credit for this achievement, keep in mind that it's probably going to cost the Western taxpayers a good $2 billion this year alone.



But for the bond traders, it's champagne time. The Bulgarian IAB bonds went from 45 at the end of January to 55 in mid February. That's better than 22 per cent on your money in two weeks. And if you could leverage them, maybe three to one. . . . If you are a knowledgeable player, or a Mississippi riverboat gambler, buy on weakness over the next couple of months, and sell on strength.

■ You may recall that back in January Jesse Jackson announced that he would be setting up the Rainbow/PUSH Coalition Wall Street Project to "serve as a call to the corporate world for inclusion, and expansion, and opportunity." Donald Trump, always ready to come through with the jaw-dropping gesture, donated space in his not-quite-fully-occupied building at 40 Wall for Jackson's office. A Trump spokesman said they have the space, which is not that big, "for about a year." Apparently, Trump is charging rent of $1. The Project was scheduled for launch in mid February, but things are slipping a little. The phones may be in some time this month.

Not everyone on the Street is quite as enthusiastic as the Donald. "Thank God he hasn't called me," said a financier who's kept up with Jackson over the years. "He'll find the Street a little harder to shake down than the corporate world," said a partner in a securities firm. I'm not so sure. He's already gotten more out of Trump than I would have figured.

■ You would have done pretty well by taking on that long platinum/short gold position last month—the spread on the per-ounce price between the two metals has widened by about $25 since the beginning of the year. And over time, the platinum group metals are going to do even better, as people begin to realize that the overhang of Russian stockpiles is smaller than the users had hoped. But there might be a tense moment or two as the Russians renegotiate their export contracts with the Japanese. So take your profits and wait until the next feeding frenzy is on the horizon. I'll be watching this market, which is nice and inefficient.

—JOHN DIZARD

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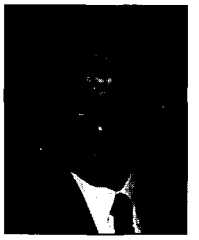
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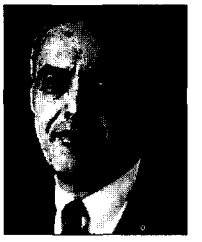
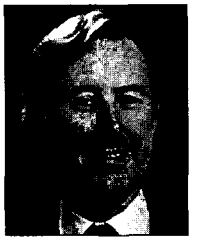

Robert Novak

Dan Lungren


John O'Sullivan

Kate O'Beirne

Rick Brookhiser

Pat Sajak

BY ED SKIMO
National Review Alaska Cruise Correspondent

(New York: February 7) Add another star to the expanding constellation of conservative luminaries who will attend the ***National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise*** this August 10—17.

Gary Bauer, President of the Family Research Council, former top domestic policy aide to Ronald Reagan, and the man conservative insiders consider the *primo* "social issue" mover and shaker in Washington, will join Bill Buckley, Milton Friedman, Robert Bork, Robert Novak, Dan Lungren, Pat Sajak, and *National Review*'s heralded "A Team"– John O'Sullivan, Kate O'Beirne, Rick Brookhiser, Ed Capano, and Dusty Rhodes– for a week of conservative revelry along the glorious waterways of the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

In addition to the good news about Bauer's participation, *National Review*'s Office of Cruise Affairs now reports that Holland America Line–whose spectacular MS *Ryndam* will serve as the floating paradise for the magazine's Alaska voyage–has announced that it will give all passengers traveling in *National Review*'s contingent a $25 ship-board credit.

Cruise agents also report that nearly 160 cabins–including scores of nearly-sold-out "verandah" staterooms–have been reserved by *National Review* subscribers, their friends, and family members. With dozens of calls continuing to come in every day to the *National Review* Cruise Information Hotline, one travel official is now warning that "at this rate, *National Review*'s allotment of reserved staterooms will be sold out in a matter of weeks."

The ***National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise*** will feature six exlusive seminars on policy and politics (starring our special guests and *NR* editors), plus an array of social events, including three cocktail receptions and two late-evening "smokers" featuring world-class H. Upmann cigars and "top shelf" cognac. All of which will be enjoyed aboard Holland America's award-winning MS *Ryndam*, renowned throughout the cruise industry for its pampering service, superior cuisine, luxurious staterooms, exciting "shore excursions," and wonderful night-life activities.

After it departs from Seward, the *Ryndam* will glide down the majestic Alaska coast, sailing Glacier Bay National Park and the awesome College and Harriman Fjords, and visit the beautiful ports of Sitka, Juneau, and Ketchikan, followed by another day of luxurious sailing–this time along the spectacular and haunting "Inside Passage"–before it arrives at the voyage's final port: cosmopolitan Vancouver.

Prices for this affordable, once-in-a-lifetime event start at a *low* $2,194 per person (which covers accommodations, all meals, complimentary 24-hour room service, gratuities, taxes, port fees, transfers, and admission to and participation in all *NR* seminars and social events), and couples can save up to $900 off "catalogue" rates.

Also available exclusively to *NR* passengers is an array of special three- to seven-day pre- and post-cruise tours of "inland" Alaska and Vancouver–at *rock bottom* prices! They're your incredible opportunity to see Denali National Park, Mount McKinley, the historic towns of Nome and Fairbanks, plus much more in this wonderful land considered Nature's Masterpiece.

Don't risk missing out on this incredible cruise. Call the *National Review* Alaska Cruise Hotline at 1-800-246-9594 *today* to receive your special, *free* information kit.

Until next time, this has been Ed Skimo, *National Review* Alaska Cruise Correspondent, reporting.

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help!!!!

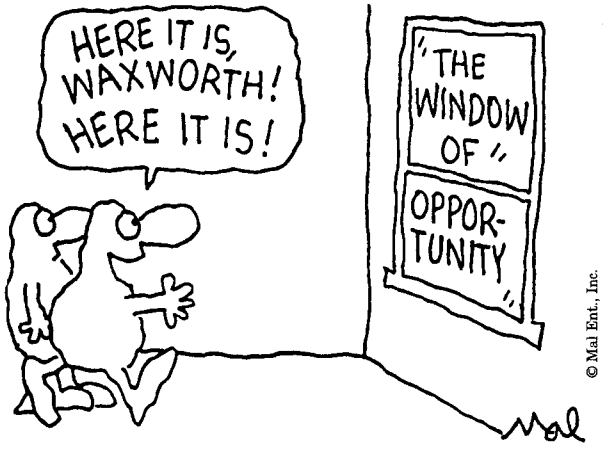
Mistakes Were Made

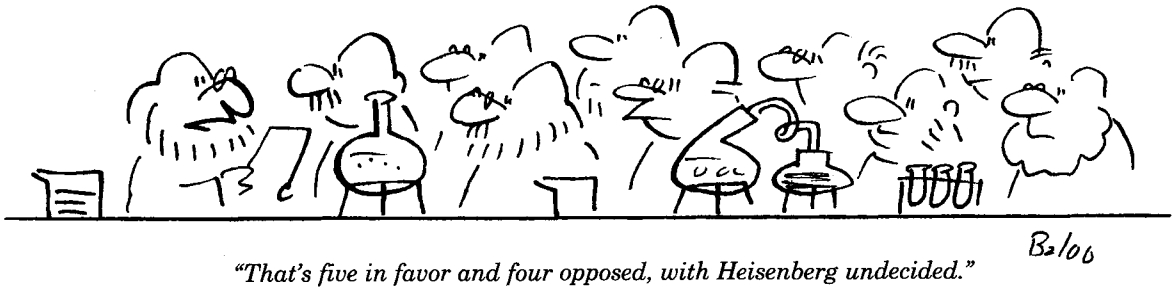
Bill Clinton used the passive tense,
A ploy designed to build a fence
Between himself and all those guests
Who, after dining, left bequests,
Then bounced around the Lincoln bed
If they were well accredited.

—W. H. VON DREELE

"And here is a memo from our parent company reminding everyone to comb their hair and eat their veggies."

"Of course your luggage isn't lost. It's in our friendly skies somewhere."





"That's five in favor and four opposed, with Heisenberg undecided."

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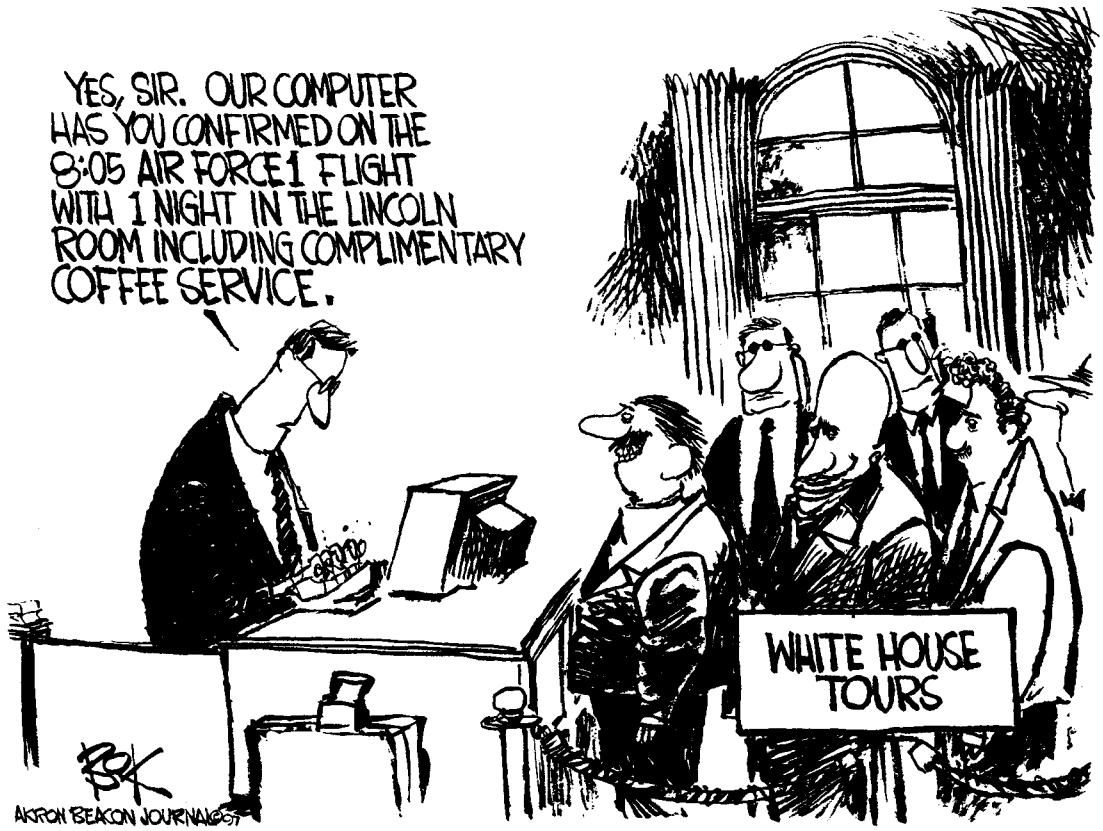
YES, SIR. OUR COMPUTER HAS YOU CONFIRMED ON THE 8:05 AIR FORCE 1 FLIGHT WITH 1 NIGHT IN THE LINCOLN ROOM INCLUDING COMPLIMENTARY COFFEE SERVICE.
WHITE HOUSE TOURS
AKRON BEACON JOURNAL

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EXPERTS SAY . . .

Trial by Expert

When science comes into the courtroom, only the experts know what to make of it.

JAMES Q. WILSON

FOR several decades the courts have increased dramatically the extent to which they admit testimony by people claiming to be experts—claiming, that is, that they can make statements that are not easily disproved about the sources of human behavior. Much of this new testimony has been the inevitable result of matters entering the courtroom—such as the effect of a drug on a patient or the precision of DNA testing in identifying blood—that once were not matters of scientific clarity at all.

Under the rules governing federal courts a judge may allow testimony from an "expert"—defined (quite loosely) as anyone "qualified" by "knowledge, skill, experience, training, or education"—if the judge believes that testimony will assist the judge or jury in understanding the evidence. Lay witnesses in a trial can testify only about what they saw or heard. But when experts testify, they may give their *opinion* on a matter.

Presumably the expert opinion reflects real knowledge and not mere opinion. At one time the federal courts followed a rule—known as the *Frye* rule, after the case in which it was announced in 1923—that required an expert to be someone who could show that what he or she was saying had survived the test of "general acceptance in the particular field in which it belongs." Many state courts continue to use some version of the *Frye* test.

"General acceptance" is a useful test, helpful in distinguishing real experts from fanciful quacks. It has governed many state and federal appellate court decisions. But even courts that use this test may use it in a way that lets in questionable expert evidence. The California Supreme Court in 1989 decided that, though it was bound by the "general acceptance" rule, it would let a psychologist testify in support of the innocence of persons charged with repeated acts of sexual perversion against children. The psychologist, who had been barred from the trial on the basis of the *Frye* test, wanted to say that after having given two written tests to a defendant in her jail cell and talking to her for about two hours, he was confident she had a "normal personality" and is "is falsely charged in this matter." Based on his tests, he found her innocent. In reaching this conclusion, he could cite no studies that proved that the written tests could tell the difference between child abusers and normal people. The test—the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI)—is a widely used and scientifically valuable test, but it cannot possibly ascertain the guilt or innocence of a person, and was never designed to do so. It estimates, but cannot fully depict, someone's personality. And even if it estimates it accurately, an individual's behavior is driven by many forces—an emotional crisis, the influence of others, the consumption of drugs, the prospect of easy gains, a belief in secrecy—in addition to personality. But the Court ordered a new trial in which this "data" would be discussed.

Despite the liberties taken even under the *Frye* test, the Supreme Court has frequently looked for an even more generous rule. Since the mid-1970s the Court has relied on its own Federal Rules of Evidence which offer much broader support for alleged experts. By Rule 702, an expert is anyone who is qualified by "knowledge, skill, experience, training, or education" to offer a useful opinion. Read literally, this could qualify almost anyone who claims to have knowledge and can produce some bits of personal history to show that they have acquired it by some means.

This rule, along with the laxity with which some states have applied the *Frye* test, has contributed to the explosion of expert testimony and made it far easier for attorneys to enlist

Mr. Wilson is a professor at UCLA, and the author of Moral Judgment, *to be published in May by Basic Books, a division of HarperCollins, from which this article is adapted.* *Copyright © 1997 by James Q. Wilson.*

ILLUSTRATION BY BONNIE T. GARDNER

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their own advocates whose qualification may be little more than having an advanced degree. There is no lawyer worth his hire who cannot find an expert to testify in a way that will help his client, even though the opposing lawyer has his own expert testifying with equal assurance on the other side.

In 1993 the Supreme Court tried to set some boundaries around this proliferation by issuing an opinion that seemed to establish some principles that would define expertise beyond the expert's claimed education or training. These limits were drawn from the standards of scientific discourse. The court rejected the old *Frye* test, and instead has urged courts to apply the usual standards that scientists use in deciding what statements to believe: Has it withstood falsification? Does the claim have a low rate of error? Was it published in a scientific journal?

These are admirable sentiments, but they are stated in rather general terms. How do you apply these scientific customs to the reality of legal arguments in real courts? The Court was not very clear on this except to urge judges and lawyers to argue about it: "Vigorous cross-examination, presentation of contrary evidence, and careful instruction on the burden of proof" will tell the jury whom to believe and whom to ignore. In short, lawyers, guided by judges, can settle expert arguments.

Perhaps, but there is so far little evidence of this. In civil and criminal law the tide of rival and confusing expert testimony continues to rise. The heated disputes between rival experts over DNA evidence in the Simpson trial is perhaps the best-known example.

Nearly a century ago Judge Learned Hand put the problem quite well: "The trouble with expert testimony is that it is setting the jury to decide, where doctors disagree. . . . But how can the jury judge between two statements founded on an experience admittedly foreign in kind to their own? It is just because they are incompetent for such a task that the expert is necessary at all."

Matters are not quite that bleak in all cases. To exaggerate a good bit, one can distinguish between two kinds of scientific evidence: arguments that have been routinely exposed to the possibility of falsification and have survived those challenges and arguments that have not been so exposed or, if exposed, have often been rejected. Take fingerprints and voiceprints. After years of great effort, we can be pretty certain that a fingerprint identifies a unique person, but we cannot say the same thing about a voiceprint. Or consider blood testing and polygraphs ("lie detectors"). With the advent of the best DNA methods, we are pretty sure that we know whether the suspect left a drop of blood, but despite extensive efforts we are not as confident (if confident at all) that a polygraph has proved that the accused lied.

The distinction between science that has survived falsification and that which has not roughly matches (with exceptions) the difference between hard science (that is, the scientific method applied to inanimate things and parts of the

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human body) and social science (that is, the scientific method applied to the whole person or to groups of persons). I am an unashamed social scientist, but I would be the first to admit that though social scientists often know things about human behavior that ordinary folks do not, we also are aware that the human being defies accurate measurement in much of its important behavior; that even when measured, many people behave differently from what the theory predicts; and that some theories, when known to people, lead them to change their behavior in ways that confound the theory.

For example, scholars have shown that ordinary people will often do apparently horrible things to innocent persons if ordered to do so by a person dressed up as a university scientist. But we also know that some people will not do these things and that if you tell people in advance how they are expected to behave, they will change their behavior. People are complex, changeable creatures, often better described by good poetry than good science.

THIS crude distinction between the science of inanimate or subhuman things and the science of human behavior roughly corresponds to the legal difference between establishing whether a person broke the law and why he or she broke it. A fingerprint or DNA test or ballistic analysis of a bullet may put the suspect at the crime; social scientists, however, would like to explain why he was at the scene and what was running through his mind at the time.

Social science can rarely do this. The very best such analysts can ordinarily say usually amounts to little more than this: if one thousand people with the characteristics of the suspect were at the scene of the crime, then 57 per cent (or 76 per cent or whatever per cent) would probably (subject to a 95 per cent confidence interval) have reacted to those characteristics in a certain way. This is useful social science, but it is useless legal advice. The law wants to know whether *this person* acted rightly or wrongly, and why. Offering statistical odds about what fraction of a large population would act in a certain way is nearly meaningless as an account of *this person's* actions except in the very unusual case when the odds are so high as to approach the confidence we have in a fingerprint.

This is the central problem for judges as they grapple with expert witnesses summoned to explain behavior in criminal cases. Except by linking that behavior to a general pattern, and sometimes not even then, we do not know how to explain what a given person does in some particular circumstance. Given that fact (to which there may be a few exceptions), the Supreme Court's decision that science is admissible and useful if it has survived falsification is not very helpful.

Worse yet, the trial courts often do not even apply the Court's test. Their practice is to let each attorney introduce "experts" qualified by having advanced degrees, being able to list publications, and having served in other cases as experts. You could as easily assemble an "expert" by throwing a rock through the windows of a social science research building and seeing whom it hit.

Consider now what happens when social scientists testify in court. If they are honest, they will report some general tendencies and then say that they cannot be certain whether the suspect fits those general trends. But this is not what the law wants: the law is not interested in general trends or possible applications, it is interested in clear facts bearing on a specific case. Many experts are all too eager, for reasons of money, ideology, or the fun of the game, to do exactly what the law wants: to speak authoritatively about *a* defendant in *a* case. When one expert testified in the first Menendez trial, she suggested that research on snails could explain why the brothers killed their parents. Their brains had been "rewired" the way, she claimed, a snail's could be.

What are juries to make of all this? Sometimes they make a lot out of it. There may be ways to reduce the impact of ridiculous expert testimony: a judge can rule that the expert is not qualified or, if qualified, may state a general theory about the accused but not offer an opinion on his or her conduct. Some judges do this. But the adversary nature of our trials make such rulings hazardous, especially in a high-profile case where determined attorneys are willing to appeal every judicial restriction. That they don't often use their own legal powers is a measure of the extent to which the appellate review process has undercut the rules of evidence.

But I will suggest that a broader issue is at stake: namely, should a judge or jury try at all to explain the behavior of the accused beyond meeting those simple tests (for example, deciding whether his or her actions were self-defense) on which the law has always rested?

If I am correct, then the American criminal courts, though they ordinarily confront no complex pleas and few new arguments, have, by the force of history and their own decent-mindedness, embraced a general view that, provided a "deserving" case appears, opens the door to wider exploration of explanatory theories in their legal proceedings. Do not underestimate the sympathies of judges, especially when sympathy conjoins with the prospect of being sustained on appeal.

For example, under the *Frye* rule, many courts will decline to hear expert testimony about pathological gambling disorders or the effects of hypnosis but, applying the same rule, will accept testimony about rape trauma syndrome or the battered woman syndrome. What are we to make of this? The amount of evidence on any of these matters is, at best, sketchy. The truth is that gamblers and hypnotics seem to have less appeal to judges than do raped or battered women. That may be a distinction, but scientifically it is not a difference. Sometimes things get even worse: a federal court in Georgia held that a spermicide had caused birth defects. The appeals court affirmed, stating that the absence of any science supporting this view did not matter if there was "sufficient evidence of causation in a legal sense."

One wonders how something not caused scientifically is caused legally.

There are things judges could do to curtail the more manifest abuses created by partisan or unfairly distributed experts. There is even more they could do, however, by banning psychiatric and social-science experts altogether. When a member of these professions testifies that the defendant suffers from a "syndrome," be on guard—the syndrome may not exist, or it may exist but not be applicable to the defendant, or it may be applicable but the consequences of being affected by it in some predictable fashion may be unknown or uncertain. With some exceptions syndrome science is suppositional science, which is to say, it is not science at all. □

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JUDGING HATCH

Latter-Day Liberal?

The senior senator from Utah is not all he's hatched up to be–but he could yet become a conservative hero.

RAMESH PONNURU

ORRIN Grant Hatch, the senior senator from Utah, has compiled a 92 per cent rating from the American Conservative Union during his twenty years in office. He came to prominence by successfully filibustering Hubert Humphrey's last major legislation (a union power grab). In 1983, his interrogation of Sen. Paul Tsongas exposed the Equal Rights Amendment as a blank check for the Left's law-school. In 1991, he helped turn back the lynch mob pursuing Clarence Thomas. Last year his legislative maneuvering saved the bill banning partial-birth abortion from its own near-death experience in the Senate. C-SPAN junkies these last few weeks have gotten used to seeing him fight tirelessly for the Balanced Budget Amendment.

So why do conservatives inside the Beltway tend to say his name in the same tone Jerry Seinfeld greets Newman? A partial answer hangs on the wall of the reception room to his Senate office, in the form of a painting by Sen. Ted Kennedy. Below, the artist has written, "We'll leave the light at the compound on for you anytime." The senators' friendship—"We're like brothers," says Hatch—appalls some conservatives, but not as much as the effect most observers think it's had on his politics. In a Republican cloakroom meeting about the Ryan White Act (an AIDS treatment bill), Hatch asked Sen. Jesse Helms (N.C.) what amendment he'd offer, and Helms suggested that he may as well tip off Kennedy himself.

"Orrin was frequently inclined to cut deals with Kennedy" and "buck the [Republican] leadership," recalls former colleague Malcolm Wallop. "Conservatives would forever try to rein him in." When Helms tried to prohibit National Endowment for the Arts funding of obscenity, Hatch and Kennedy pushed a compromise that, in the slightly hyperbolic words of then-Helms aide Mike Hammond, said, "If you're a fundee and you violate federal law, get prosecuted and convicted, we'll consider not giving you any more money." Hatch was a leading voice for the Americans with Disabilities Act, the most burdensome regulatory initiative of the Bush years.

Hatch also clashed with conservatives on child care. In the late Eighties, liberals were invoking a day-care shortage "crisis" to justify an array of federal subsidies and regulations. Robert Rector, a policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation, recalls telling Hatch in 1988 that the crisis was illusory and that a better way to help families would be tax cuts. "And he looked me right in the face and told me I was out of my mind," says Rector. At one point, Hatch was floor manager for the Republican side while co-sponsoring a bill with Chris Dodd (D., Conn.).

And so it goes. In the late Seventies he took on Alice Rivlin and Ed Muskie to make the case for tax cuts; in 1995, he called for whittling down the Contract with America tax cuts. In the early Eighties he forcefully criticized race and gender preferences—and in 1991, he supported their extension. In early 1995, when Republicans were considering rolling back preferences, Hatch said it wasn't a priority. (He has since said he might again lead the fight in the 105th Congress.)

Hatch lobbied the Bush Administration to appoint his former staffer David Kessler to the Food and Drug Administration, which Kessler proceeded to turn into a servant of the Clintons' political agenda and his own megalomania. Hatch, a proponent of FDA reform and hero to the "alternative medicine community," now regrets his role in Kessler's appointment. When pro-lifers wanted to block Bush's appointment of Louis Sullivan as Secretary of Health and Human Services, Hatch provided crucial cover for the hire.

Has there been any give from Kennedy in return for Hatch's complaisance? Wallop laughs at the idea: "No,

LET US FOLLOW OUR PRESIDENT'S LEAD AND SHAKE ON BIPARTISANSHIP! PUT 'ER THERE, FRIEND!
DEMS
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UNITED FEATURE SYND.

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

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Kennedy's always been all take." Hatch insists that Kennedy is less ideological than many liberals and that they've both moved to the center. Perhaps. But you don't hear many complaints about Kennedy from his side of the aisle.

The Kennedy seduction theory does not explain all of Hatch's leftward lurches, of course. Co-sponsorship of the Violence Against Women Act, a brainchild of radical feminists that directs millions of dollars to left-wing organizations, looks like penance for his questioning of Anita Hill. His attempts to gut the work requirements in last year's welfare-reform bill—at one point he managed to push the Republicans' main bill to the left of Sen. Daschle's and President Clinton's on the issue—were based on genuine belief: "Orrin Hatch seems to be the last person in the known universe who believes that vocational education is the key to reducing welfare dependence," says Rector.

His politics are almost always reactive and within the narrowly defined bounds of what's possible this year.

Theories abound to account for Hatch's political transformation. In 1979, political operative Roger Stone sent Hatch a memo arguing that the senator had already "established a conservative base" and had to "tone down the rhetoric, avoid the 'New Right' label," and "begin systematic withdrawal of appearances at New Right functions." Conservative activist Paul Weyrich says that Hatch's behavior toward conservatives changed around that time. At first he regularly attended conservative conferences and sat on the boards of conservative groups. "We had meetings in his office plotting legislation," remembers Weyrich. These days, he's spotted at conservative meetings only when he's considering running for President.

Another common theory is that Hatch is angling for a Supreme Court appointment and doesn't want to offend liberals. The most plausible explanation, however, is that Hatch wants to get along with everyone on principle. Always immaculately tailored and coiffed, Hatch is every inch the courtly gentleman. He says, "One of my biggest failings is that . . . I can't hold a grudge. I can't stay mad." Sure, it's a self-serving claim, and it's not entirely true. It's nevertheless true that likability is one of Hatch's highest aspirations. Referring to his disagreements with Sens. Robert Byrd (D., W. Va.) and Helms, he adds that he has for the former "a lot of respect . . . that's grown through the years as I've grown" and he thinks the latter is "a terrific senator."

A senator who takes his conservative convictions too seriously won't be universally liked or even fit in in Washington. Feel-good legislation must be passed, obstruction avoided. Hatch's two constituencies pull him in different directions: his voting record generally reflects the conservatism of Utah, his behind-the-scenes actions the "sensible centrism" of the Beltway. What mediates between them is Hatch's innate civility, a procedural virtue that he pursues as a substantive end.

At least one senator often says, "You can't count your Hatch until he's chickened." It's an irresistible line, but it's unfair. Hatch isn't a coward, and when he's willing to go to the mat on an issue his fierce intelligence makes him a formidable advocate. If Hatch is sometimes AWOL during battles, it's because he doesn't see the point of principle at issue, or because he assumes the inevitability of the failure of the conservative position. Conservatives on the Hill talk about "winning by losing": fighting for a cause that's likely to fail because the exercise will educate the public, mobilize dormant interests, and expose the other side's outrageous positions. Hatch doesn't develop issues in this manner. His politics are almost always reactive and within the narrowly defined bounds of what's possible this year.

Hatch's establishmentarian instincts are causing tension between him and conservatives over judges. Judicial appointments involve a lot of patronage, and heavy elite pressure is brought to bear on naysayers. Confirmation battles, meanwhile, can get quite ugly. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Hatch has been following the path of least resistance. Counting Clinton's two Supreme Court nominations, there have been only four roll call votes on his 202 judicial picks and no defeats. There haven't been any roll call votes since the GOP took the Senate. Hatch has indeed expedited the process.

The Right is now reaching a boil over judicial activism. Weyrich's Free Congress Foundation has built a coalition of 268 organizations urging Republicans to vet nominees for their commitment to the Constitution. Sen. Slade Gorton (R., Wash.) is trying to get the Republican conference to take a stand on nominations, undercutting Hatch.

Hatch argues that he's been limiting the damage to the bench by getting the Administration not to nominate the most objectionable judges. "Behind-the-scenes battles, that's where it has to occur," he says. Those efforts may have kept paleoliberals like Peter Edelman and Bruce Babbit off the courts. But that argument cuts no ice with Tom Jipping, FCF's court-watcher and a harsh Hatch critic: "Ruth Bader Ginsburg"—whom Hatch endorsed even before her nomination—"is Bruce Babbit in drag as far as I'm concerned." Besides, this insider strategy forfeits the possibility of raising public consciousness and indignation about judicial activism and its liberal supporters. "I'd just as soon have a knock-down drag-out," says one leading conservative activist.

Hatch's second line of defense is that it's "hard to determine in advance who's going to be activist," since everyone claims to have no such intention. It's a reasonable point. But some of Clinton's nominees have had tell-tale paper trails that could have been examined in hearings. "The process has been geared toward confirming Clinton

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nominees. Not toward finding out whether Clinton nominees would be activists," observes Jipping. Margaret Morrow's confirmation hearing, for instance, was "more of a group hug than a hearing"—despite her published view that "the bar is, almost by definition, on the cutting edge of social thought."

Finally, Hatch warns conservatives not to "impose our own ideology" on the courts, or else "we're going to wreck the judiciary." Neither "the far Right" nor "the far Left" should be allowed to politicize the judiciary. It's an odd complaint: the courts seem to be doing that just fine by themselves, and the only "ideology" most conservatives want to "impose" instructs judges not to impose an ideology. About Jipping, Hatch says, "He has his job to do, which is to raise money for his organization . . . as he advocates his own ideological position." Weyrich, for his part, denounced Hatch repeatedly as a "liar" at a conference both men attended in early February.

Hatch gave a speech to the Federalist Society last November that indicated he'll take a tougher line on judges. "A judicial activist . . . is not, in my view, qualified to sit on the federal bench." Given Hatch's mixed record over the years, most conservatives will wait and see. A serious assault on the Imperial Judiciary would boost Hatch's presidential prospects. Says Ralph Reed: "It's a fumbled ball sitting at the fifty-yard line. Whoever picks it up will make a touchdown." Clint Bolick, a conservative legal activist, says that if Clinton appoints a majority of judges "the damage will range from substantial to catastrophic depending in large measure on how effective Hatch is at derailing liberal nominees. It's really these next four years that we'll see what Orrin Hatch is made of." □

Forgotten Choice

Adoption is a rebuke to single-parenting and abortion, and the liberal media will have none of it.

MARVIN OLASKY

SCHIZOPHRENIA, thy name is adoption! Here are some of adoption's multiple personalities, as judged by media depictions over the past 2½ years:

—Polls show adoption in the abstract to be almost as popular as motherhood itself, but some leaders in media and academia still pin a scarlet letter on adoptees.

New York Times editors who automatically delete demeaning references to minorities or women allowed one reporter to emphasize that an alleged multiple murderer was adopted: "Though experts were careful to say that adoption was no indicator of criminal tendencies, they noted that a number of serial killers like David Berkowitz, Son of Sam, had been adopted."

—Studies conducted by the Search Institute and other organizations show adolescents adopted as infants doing as well psychologically as their non-adopted peers, but critics of adoption proclaim that every adopted baby has experienced a "primal wound" that can lead to extreme behavior.

One of the early signs of adoptee distress is colic, articles tell us. When patting her baby's back an adoptive mom should say, "You must feel really sad, you must feel really lost. You miss your mother. You've lost something very important, and I understand." Expect to see a *New York Times* story noting that colic is no indicator of future criminal activities, but a number of serial killers have had it.

—Although most adoptions work out very well, television's sewer talk shows feature not only freaky perversions but tortured birthmothers describing their regrets about placing children for adoption years before, and teary teens describing their desperate efforts to locate birthmothers who preferred to remain hidden.

Impressions from such shows, along with those left by all the tug-of-war stories about Baby Jessica and Baby Richard, lead to a typical teen perspective described by Mary Beth Style, formerly of the National Council for Adoption: "They think it inevitable that they'll change their minds, that there will be a battle, or that they'll be miserable their whole lives if they place for adoption."

That perception forms the biggest barrier to adoption today. Adoption is popular in opinion polls and among politicians who can gain the benefits of baby-kissing without the danger of infant counterattack via spit-up. Adoption also has become a way for some proponents of abortion to retract their horns and suggest that they do feel others' pain; Hillary Clinton mused about her desire to adopt, someday, and one of her newspaper columns noted that she and Mother Teresa "differ on some issues" but agree on the need to promote adoption.

Adoption is unpopular, however, among those who are the decision-makers: fewer than 2 of every 100 unmarried pregnant women choose adoption. The enemies of adoption are single-parenting, which still receives special economic support via the welfare system, and abortion, which receives special legal privileges through judicial fiat. Adoption is squeezed out.

Most attempts to spur adoption so far have been either inconsequential or even counter-productive. During the past three years "National Adoption Month" (November) and "National Adoption Week" (around Thanksgiving time) produced not much more than some cute human-interest features, such as those depicting "adoption fairs" in which older children messed up by foster care are paraded before potentially welcoming adults. Such events may help some children to find homes, but what does a teen mom think when she sees children displayed—"Check their teeth, honey"—in this way?

Other press articles have been snide. Jeanne Beach Eigner of the *San Diego Union-Tribune* wrote on November 21, 1994, "This is National Adoption Week. The good thing about this is that nobody's telling you what to adopt, so go ahead and adopt anything you want. Some disgusting habit, for example, since there are so many of them available these days. If you feel like thump-

Mr. Olasky is the editor of World *and author of* Abortion Rites: A Social History of Abortion in America.

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ing something, it's also National Bible Week." On November 20, 1995, Miss Eigner was at it again: "This week is National Adoption Week (we're assuming they refer to the adoption of children, not habits or noms de guerre). And it's National Bible Week . . . ."

Let's get serious—and getting serious first means defining the problem correctly. The new adoption tax credit for adoptive families is good and fair, but the main adoption bottleneck is not a lack of potential adoptive families. Two million couples are waiting to adopt, and infants of every skin color or level of disability can be placed.

Adoption is altruistic, but it is also inconvenient and embarrassing, especially when compared to abortions done in secret.

The key problem is the supposed superiority of the two major alternatives to adoption. Abortion seems to convey an immediate benefit: It makes the problem disappear. (And don't worry about death or post-abortion regrets that may grow more severe as time goes by.) Despite last years' welfare-reform bill, single-parenting still conveys benefits. Adoption, on the other hand, is altruistic—life for a child and a gift to an often-childless couple—but it is also inconvenient and embarrassing, especially when compared to abortions done in secret. Teenagers generally ask not what they can do for others, but what others are thinking about them. Is it any surprise that adoption is usually ignored?

Until thirty years ago the better options for unmarried pregnant women — marriage and adoption—held their own. From 1965 to 1973, however, Washington overrode state and local preferences and installed a bad choice, single-parenting, as a fundamental economic right, and a homicidal choice, abortion, as a fundamental legal right. Those preferences are still largely in effect, even though numerous research studies show that single-parenting is socially, economically, and psychologically destructive, but adoption of infants overwhelmingly works out well for babies, birthparents, and adoptive parents.

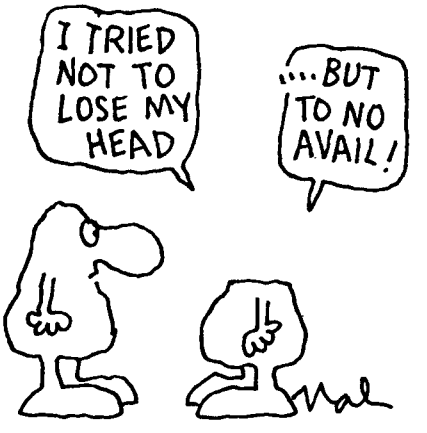
It is time, therefore, to look at four ways to give adoption once again a fair chance to increase its popularity among the young decision-makers:

First, in the short run, compensate (slightly) for governmental support of the two bad alternatives by providing governmental support for the two good alternatives. As long as governmental welfare still plagues the poor, at least it should promote marriage ("wedfare") rather than discourage it. Another discerning approach is that pushed forward by Sen. Dan Coats (R., Ind.) and Rep. Chris Smith (R., N.J.). They have introduced legislation to provide pregnant women with vouchers for maternity home services.

Such legislation would lead to more women entering maternity homes and more adoptions. Young women in such homes typically take classes concerning all their options instead of reacting to single-parenting pressures from friends. For example, 230 out of 575 babies born at a ten-year-old Kansas City maternity home known as The Light House—40 per cent—have been placed for adoption.

Second, the long run goal should be to eliminate support for the bad alternatives. Instead of constantly raising the bridge by expanding government, lower the river. Replacing the welfare system with community-based approaches is essential. Adoption will be aided further if we defund Planned Parenthood, pass parental-consent laws and other protective devices for unborn children, and eventually add to the Constitution a pro-life amendment.

Opposing bad choices in the culture generally also is vital. If the belated liberal criticism of single-parenting that has become common in the past three years is combined with the belated liberal questioning of abortion that has recently emerged, adoption becomes the logical alternative. All cannot be sweetness and light; for adoption to flourish, the other alternatives need to become shameful once again.



Third, we can transform the system as it affects older children by eliminating the incentives to shuttle them from foster-care home to foster-care home and rip their hearts out in the process. No child likes to think that he may be here today, gone tomorrow, but close to 100,000 children have flopped around in foster care for over seven years. A $10-billion foster-care industry created and supported by government allows administrators and social workers to feather their own nests as they keep children from having one of their own. The financial incentive for government bureaucrats is to maintain children in foster care; managers who place all of their charges in permanent homes lose funding.

Young people can be saved physically and emotionally if parents who abandon or repeatedly abuse their children face termination of parental rights in six months, and the children then are placed in permanent adoptive homes within thirty days following termination. That is doable as long as there is zero toleration of adoption delays because of race or ethnicity. There are plenty of adoptive homes for children up through age seven; only after that, when children have been in foster care for years and suffered emotional lynching in the process, does placement become sticky.

Fourth, we should transcend the current system by radical deregulation of the entire infant adoption process. While hundreds of thousands of women have abortionists kill unborn children who are half a year short of birth, hundreds of thousands of husbands and wives who want to adopt a child are frustrated. Markets exist to bring together buyers and sellers; one reason for America's 1.5 million abortions each year is a refusal to let the market work in this situation, due to legitimate concerns about baby-selling and racism.

Why not slash through the red tape and allow adoptive parents (without criminal records) and birth parents (with ample counseling) to arrive at arrangements they choose? Problems evi-

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dently will emerge, but joys far greater will abound. Why not get government out of adoption entirely by privatizing adoption services so that children who are abandoned or abused come under the care of particular religious or community organizations that are willing to serve them, rather than becoming wards of the state? Why not stipulate that a mother who produces a cocaine-addicted baby is by definition an unfit mother?

Examination of these and other questions will push political leaders far beyond the relatively easy matter of tax credits, and journalists beyond the easy feature stories about adoption fairs. To put hard questions about hard lives on the front page, a congressional-appointed national commission on adoption and foster care would be useful. Commission members such as Bill Bennett, Colin Powell, and others who have stressed their support for adoption, along with well-known adoptees such as Dave Thomas of Wendy's, could meet with experts such as Conna Craig of the Institute for Children and Eloise Anderson of the California Department of Social Services. Together they could survey the dark terrain of today's schizophrenic adoption policies and attitudes, and then light candles that would not readily be blown out. □

African Roots

Slavery was widespread on the African continent long before Europeans appeared–and, indeed, is still practiced there.

KEVIN BEARY

BLACK History Month draws to a close, but the voices demanding reparations for slavery grow ever louder. The National Coalition of Blacks for Reparations in America (N'COBRA) suggests that black Americans "petition the United States for immediate, emergency reparations payments." The United Kingdom-based Africa Reparations Movement (ARM) explains that reparations "are intended to compensate in some way for over 400 years of enslavement and colonisation." Indeed, there is now a bill (HR 891) introduced by Rep. John Conyers entitled, "Commission to Study Reparation Proposals for African-Americans Act." The appropriation sought for the mere establishment of the commission is $8 million.

But before the West in general, and America in particular, rushes to pay reparations to every individual in the world with a drop of African blood, it might be worthwhile to take a look at the historical record, to determine where responsibility for the African slave-trade should most properly be laid.

Does the following scenario sound familiar? In the 1700s, a handsome young African, scion of a noble family, goes off for a stroll through the Eden that is the African jungle. Suddenly he is surrounded by a party of white slave-catchers. Though he resists with all his might, he is taken captive and transported to the American south, where he lives out his days in slavery.

This scene, from the mini-series based on Alex Haley's famous historical novel *Roots*, is familiar to millions of Americans, black and white. It is a confirmation of white guilt and black victimization made vivid on the television screen. It is a story reiterated from the pulpits of black activism in America: "We were kings and queens in our own country, and white folk stole us from our native land and made us slaves in America."

But history, as Thomas Sowell tells us, is what happened, not what we wish had happened. And how to know what really happened except by studying the records kept by the men who were actually involved in the slave trade hundreds of years ago?

First-hand accounts of the slave-trade are not numerous, but some form part of the Schomberg Collection of the New York Public Library, in Harlem, at Lennox (or Malcolm X) Boulevard and 135th Street. One of the oldest is *A new Account of Some Part of Guinea, and the Slave Trade*, published in London in 1734, which contains "The manner how the Negroes become Slaves." This is what the author, Captain William Snelgrave, has to say on the subject:

> As for the manner how those people become slaves, it may be reduced under these several Heads.
>
> 1. It has been the custom among the

Mr. Beary is currently working on a political novel, The Shattered States of America.

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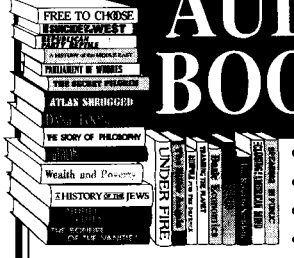

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Negroes, time out of mind, and is so to this day, for them to make slaves of all the captives they take in war. Now, before they had an opportunity of selling them to the white people, they were often obliged to kill great multitudes, when they had taken more than they could well employ in their own plantation.

Secondly. Most crimes amongst them are punished by mulcts and fines; and if the offender has not wherewithal to pay his fine, he is sold for a slave.

Thirdly. Debtors who refuse to pay their debts, or are insolvent, are likewise liable to be made slaves.

Fourthly. I have been told, that it is common for some inland people, to sell their children for slaves. But I never observed, that the people near the sea coast practice this, unless compelled thereto by extreme want and famine, as the people of Whidaw have lately been.

Another first-hand account of the slave-trade is John Newton's *The Journal of a Slave Trader*, written during the years 1750 to 1754, and published, together with the author's "Thoughts upon the African Slave Trade" in London in 1788. Late in life Newton repented of his slave trading, and became a clergyman and an abolitionist.

In his "Thoughts upon the African Slave Trade," written after he had seen the light, Newton writes:

The [African] law . . . punishes some species of theft with slavery; and in cases of adultery, both the woman, and the man who offends with her are liable to be sold for slaves. . . . I believe many of the slaves purchased in Sherbo, and probably upon the whole Windward coast, are convicts, who have forfeited their liberty, by breaking the laws of their country. . . .

I judge, the principal source of the slave trade, is, the wars which prevail among the natives.

As concerns slave catching *à la Roots*, Newton writes:

Some people suppose, that the ship trade is rather the stealing, than the buying of slaves. But there is enough to lay to the charge of the ships, without accusing them falsely. The slaves, in general, are bought, and paid for. . . . With regard to the natives, to steal a free man or woman, and to sell them on board a ship, would, I think, be a more difficult and more dangerous attempt in Sherbro, than in London.

It is well to remember that Newton wrote the forgoing account after he had not only renounced the slave trade but also become an abolitionist clergyman. But rather than denounce slave raiding as depicted by Alex Haley, Newton specifically points out that the slave trade was not "rather the stealing, than the buying of slaves," and takes pains to caution his readers that "there is enough to lay to the charge of the [slave] ships, without accusing them falsely [of stealing slaves]."

One of the more detailed accounts of a slaver's life and work is Captain Theophilus Conneau's *A Slaver's Log Book, or, 20 Years' Residence in Africa*, published in 1854, and chronicling the years 1808 to 1847. In Chapter 19 of this book, entitled "How the Free Black Becomes a Slave," Captain Conneau gives the following account:

'There is enough to lay to the charge of the [slave] ships, without accusing them falsely [of stealing slaves].'

In the first category of slaves I shall name the prisoner of war. Other wars also take place, caused by family quarrels which also tend to slavery; I shall place these captives in the second category. . . .

In Africa, where coin is not known, the slave is made a substitute for this commodity. Therefore if a man wants to purchase a wife, he pays the amount in slaves; another wishes to purchase a quantity of cattle, he tenders in payment slaves. Fields of cassava, rice, or yams are paid in slaves. The African court also taxes all forfeitures and pecuniary penalties in slaves.

I shall place the above in the third class. In the fourth quality I will include those inculpated with witchcraft, the Criminal Conviction cases (not few in Africa), orphans of culprits, vagabonds who dare not to return to their tribes, and unruly sons.

By the fifth quality I will designate the gamblers. . . .

As there are in Africa no madhouses no hospitals, or houses of refuge, the brother often times sells his mad sister to avoid broils in his family. The father barters his sickly child to purchase another wife to reproduce a better offspring. The mother also is reluctantly driven to dispose of her imbecile, or deaf and dumb child, to avoid shame and ridicule from her neighbors. . . . The above invalids I will select as the sixth category of slaves.

Conneau writes also of his visit to the City of Timbo, Capital of the Foulha Nation, a Muslim tribe:

When they heard my purpose to purchase slaves, they all sang out, 'Allah Okibarsa!' (The Lord be Praised!)

Several parties were immediately sent out to blockade the paths, and that night the African press-gang made several recruits from the slaves about the town, and early the next morning Sulimany-Ali [a Foulha nobleman] sallied forth before daybreak with his troop of horsemen and returned by sundown with 45 captives taken from Findo and Furo [the Foulha Nation's slave towns].

When he is ready to leave the town with his purchases, Conneau is presented with gifts from his Foulha hosts and business partners: "The king himself presented me five slaves."

Olaudah Equiano, in his *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, Written by Himself*, confirms what the white slave traders wrote when he describes the system of slavery that existed in his native land. He was born, he writes, in a province

in the kingdom of Benin . . . in the year 1745. . . . The distance of this province from the capital of Benin and the sea coast must be very considerable, for I had never heard of white men of Europeans, nor of the sea.

The indigenous quality of African slavery can be inferred from the references Equiano makes to it throughout the first chapter of his book:

I remember a man was brought before my father, and the other judges, for kidnapping a boy; he was condemned to make recompense by a man or woman slave. Adultery, however, was sometimes punished with slavery or death, a punishment which I believe is inflicted on it throughout most of the nations of Africa . . . Their mode of marriage is thus . . . the dowry is given to the new married pair, which generally consists of portions of land, slaves, and cattle, household goods, and implements of husbandry. . . .

We have also markets . . . these are sometimes visited by stout mahogany-colored men from the southwest of us: we call them Oye-Eboe. . . . They always carry slaves through our land. Sometimes, indeed, we sold slaves to them, but they were only prisoners of war, or such among us as had been convicted of kidnapping, or adultery, and some other crimes, which we esteemed heinous.

(Continues on page 60)

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February 15, 1997

Salutations Comrade,

Greetings from the People's Republic of China's Glorious and Efficient Embassy in Washington, D.C.!

The peasant and the worker must both rejoice in our success!

I trust that your research in the high desert of Urumqi is going well, and that you have made many glorious discoveries for the good of the people.

Here things are going splendidly. I have settled into my job as "Cultural Attaché" at the embassy, and have so far contributed $23,765,900.13 to the Democratic National Committee. In return I have received six Hermés ties, several cartons of Marlboros to send home to mother, the new George Michael disc, and an assurance of MFN status throughout fiscal '98–'99.

How predictable these Americans are! I don't mean to sound racist, but if you sit down with an American politician and give him $1 million, an hour later he's hungry for more. And they can be hard to understand—inscrutable, some might say. "No" in this country does not always mean "no."

For instance, President Clinton has often said "no" to us: no on MFN, no on expanding into the South China Sea, no on suspending due process in the Special Administrative Region of Hong Kong. Yet his "no" often means, "Please give me more money."

How simple it would be if he would just say so. Yet we must perform this elaborate cultural ritual in order to allow the President to "save face," which is apparently an important aspect of American cultural values.

So while the President is "saving face" by saying "no," his Under Minister for Financial Matters, a Mr. Harold Ickes, is making out like a dowager empress at a New Year tea ceremony.

Oh, well. As Chairman Deng has said many times: "Go West, Young Man!"

So it is hardly fitting for me to complain. I have my own car, which receives over three hundred separate radio broadcasts, many devoted to reactionary anti-proletariat chatter, but also many devoted to the very latest in popular music.

In addition, in my private apartment, I have a separate room for eating and a horseshoe-shaped plastic contraption resting on the toilet. I'm not exactly sure what it's for, but I like it!

Still, my work here is complicated and dangerous.

The People's Republic of China has been identified in the corporate-controlled press as the source of many of the illegal funds that have been recently donated to the Democratic National Committee. (Isn't the name of that organization humorous? It's hardly democratic and not much of a committee.)

The Glorious and Efficient Ambassadorial Staff has also been harassed by the yellow journalists (a local expression; not what you think) and is being accused of attempting to purchase the favor of the Presidency, or worse, espionage.

To say that these allegations are false is to say that May 4th is just another holiday. Of course they are false. And yet, as Mao often said before he was corrupted by the She-Devil-for-the-Ages Madame Mao, "All things under the heavens are true if you clap your hands hard enough."

So as not to bedevil you any longer, I will reveal to you the secret of my activities here. Were I to be discovered speaking so freely, I would surely be punished most severely by my superiors. But the truth is, I've lined up a job at one of my uncle's Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants in Guangzhou, so I'll be joining the private sector anyway.

As you know, we Chinese enjoy smoking. It is a cheap product, one that relaxes but also one that is stylish. Nothing is more enjoyable than sitting down with a glass of brandy and ginger ale and a nice Winston 100. I don't need to tell you this: you're a scientist. You enjoy nice things.

And again, as you know, we have had a big supply problem in our country of these most delicious products. Some months there are no Camel Filters, some months only Merit 100 Hardpacks, and some months only those wretched Capris (the long skinny ones that make one look so effeminate).

So how to increase supply in a place where the demand is so high? Reduce the demand elsewhere.

Our money has not influenced trade policy (we have Coca-Cola to do that) or military policy (ditto Henry Kissinger). We have simply suggested to the Clinton Administration that they regulate tobacco in the domestic market, which they have done, and which, if my theory is correct, will result in an increase of tobacco exports to countries which still enjoy a long, slow drag on a Kool Filter King.

Clever, no? As the locals say: "Smoke them if you've got them!"

Jiang

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The So-Called Center

JOHN FONTE

THERE is no doubt that the philosophical outlook called communitarianism has influenced politics in the West. Some of its major tenets have been advanced by Bill Clinton in America and Tony Blair in Britain. Described by its promoters as a "movement" (it's not: it has no popular support or mass membership), communitarianism is a public philosophy developed by a small coterie of academics who have attempted to recast American liberal-Left and European social-democratic ideologies into a new "centrist" mold.

In his latest book, sociologist Amitai Etzioni, communitarianism's founder and chief advocate, outlines his vision of the good society. According to Etzioni we should build and sustain a "community of communities." In his "communitarian paradigm," the American nation is composed of "member communities" or "constituting communities" which have distinct traditions, cultures, values, and in some cases, languages. At the same time, these communities share some core values and are part of an "encompassing whole." The key is to maintain balance between the moral order ("shared values") and autonomy for "member communities" ("women, minorities, ethnics") and individuals.

The New Golden Rule: Community and Morality in a Democratic Society, by Amitai Etzioni (Basic, 352 pp., $25)

Etzioni's good society is symbolized by the "mosaic" in which constituting communities (the "pieces") are glued together by shared values (the "frame"). He insists that "members of the constituting communities need to combine . . . commitment to their own particular traditions, cultures, and values with respect for those of others." Beyond respect among the constituting communities, society needs a "thick normative framework of shared values."

Commitment to democracy is crucial, and the "Constitution embodies core values." But Etzioni tells us these values do not constitute a "canon" transmitted through generations; instead the "substantive normative content of the framework continually adapts to changing balances within the society." Thus, the Supreme Court constantly reinterprets the Constitution, and the shared normative framework is always being "recast."

Roman Genn

Mr. Etzioni's communitarian paradigm suggests little grounding in or respect for American liberal democracy and its core traditions. American liberal democracy is founded on individual citizenship, majority rule within the context of limited government, separation of powers, federalism, and a healthy civil society composed of voluntary associations. Moreover, as Washington declared, Tocqueville observed, and Clinton and Gingrich have recently repeated, the moral foundation of the American Republic has always rested upon religious belief.

Etzioni would "recast" all of this with a new regime, a mosaic democracy. Groups formed on the basis of ascribed characteristics such as race, ethnicity, and gender are to be given quasi-constitutional status as constituting communities. Etzioni rejects as neither "practical" nor "desirable" the notion that "we should have a color-blind society, or that we should treat people only as individuals and not as members of groups." He explicitly criticizes the concept of "E Pluribus Unum" because it leaves "no room for pluralism as a permanent feature of a diverse yet unified society." Apparently, distinct ethnic/linguistic member communities are to be "permanent," but the principles of the United States Constitution are to be continually "recast." Attempts by the author to qualify these concepts (individuals should belong to many communities and bond across them) lead back to an emphasis on permanent multiculturalism: e.g., foreign languages should be promoted for the purpose of maintaining the constituting communities.

Etzioni's paradigm differs considerably from Alexis de Tocqueville's famous conception of American civil society. While Tocqueville distinguishes between permanent associations "created by law" (townships, cities, counties) and voluntary associations whose existence is "solely due to the initiative of individuals," Etzioni blurs this crucial distinction between the federal system and civil society by lumping local governments, professional associations, and ethnic/linguistic groups together under the rubric of constituting communities.

Furthermore, he misuses Tocqueville by implying that racial and ethnic com-

Mr. Fonte is a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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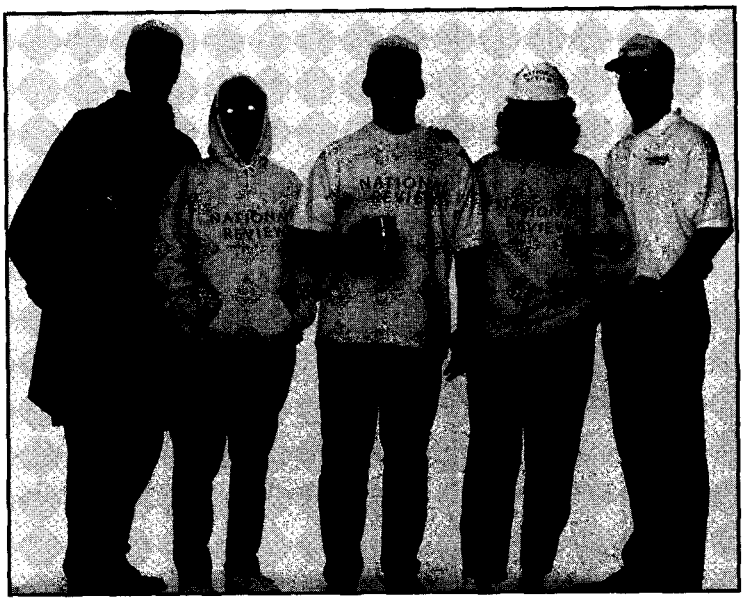

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NR RAIN SLICKER Associate Publisher Jack Fowler, all wet? Not when he's safe and dry in the *NR* "Right as Rain" poncho. These handsome, water-resistant hooded slickers (with *NR*'s logo on a blue background) are big (50" by 80") and feature non-corroding snaps. Talk about practical! Comes in a compact carrying case (so it's convenient for taking on vacation, to the ballgame, etc.). $10.00 **(RG)**.

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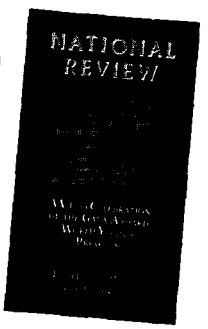

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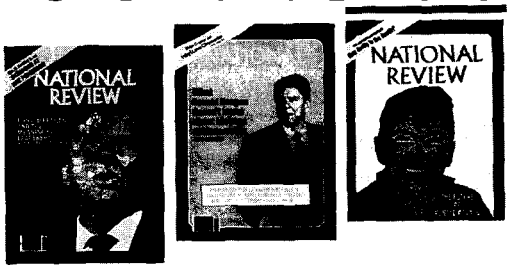

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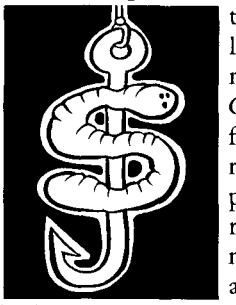
munities are part of the Frenchman's concept of "intermediary bodies" that stand between the American state and the individual. Finally, Tocqueville insists that religion is central to morality in America, while Etzioni downplays the connection between morality and religion and suggests that secular consensus-building, reconciliation, cross-cultural communication, and megalogue are what is required to recast shared moral values.

It is significant that this book fails completely to understand the nature of the culture war. Without a clear understanding of this phenomenon, the debates over civil society, morality, diversity, and democracy are incomprehensible. Yet Etzioni characterizes the contemporary cultural conflict as an unfortunate series of problems put on the national agenda by boorish and uncivil social conservatives who have the bad taste to raise divisive issues. In fact, it is a more than thirty-year-old war of aggression waged against traditional values in most areas of American society—in politics, education, the arts, morality, and religion. There is a culture war because there is resistance to this aggression. If the resistance ceased, there would be no culture war and the aggressors' conquest would be complete. This is, of course, the goal of those who call for a truce or an end to the culture war.

For Etzioni, the culture war is an unfortunate series of problems put on the national agenda by boorish and uncivil social conservatives.

Like many on the Left these days, Etzioni feigns a faux centrism ("communitarian thinking leapfrogs the old debate between the left wing and the right wing and suggests a third social philosophy"). His mosaic metaphor is presented as the sensible middle ground between the assimilationist melting pot and the heterogeneous rainbow. The mosaic metaphor, however, is not a benign concept but a major ideological weapon of the multicultural Left that aims to transform American democracy from a system based on individual citizenship to one based on group rights.

Etzioni's centrist mask keeps slipping. He can't refrain from gratuitous attacks on Newt Gingrich and the "radical Republican Contract with America." He consistently repeats the standard progressive bromides. Thus, he tells us that the statist UN environmental conference in Rio was a great step forward; that one in four or five Americans is harassed, intimidated, insulted, or assaulted every year for reasons of prejudice; that inheritance taxes are needed to curb sharp differences in income; that the glass ceiling continues to be a major barrier to women's progress; and that it borders on "coercion" to insist that ballots in American elections be printed only in English. If Etzioni chooses to write from a leftist vantage point, fair enough, but why does he pretend to be a centrist?



To be sure, there are many commonsense views articulated in this book, and conservatives, authentic centrists, neo-Tocquevilleans, and liberals will nod approvingly as Etzioni decries the litigious excesses of the ACLU, regrets the undermining of the moral order during the 1960s, encourages a re-emphasis on personal responsibility, and recognizes the need for balance between liberty and order. For the most part, however, *The New Golden Rule* presents a deeply flawed paradigm. We need to return to our founding principles. We need to renew and revitalize American liberal democracy, not build and sustain a mosaic democracy; we need to restore and strengthen Tocquevillean civil society, not nurture and enhance a community of communities; we need to enrich and refine America's common culture, not shatter it into multi-lingual fragments; we need to reinvigorate the ethical framework of the Judaeo-Christian heritage, not engage in therapeutic megalogues. In short, we need to rediscover the old golden rule, not invent a new one.

Back-to-Back Blacks

STEVE SAILER

ALTHOUGH anthologies of black American writing have been published by the score over the last 150 years, this enormous tome is sure to attract attention, because of the authority of the "Norton Anthology" brand name and the celebrity of co-editor Henry Louis Gates Jr. The multitalented Mr. Gates is a master political operator in the growth industry of multicultural studies, an impressive researcher into the history of black literature, and a graceful writer for general audiences.

Robert Conquest once observed that professors tend to be most conservative about their own area of expertise. Thus, Mr. Gates proclaims that his anthology defines the "canon" of the "best" African-American writing, even though these are normally fighting words within cutting-edge English departments. Lesser multiculturalists disparage the very notion of objective merit. They contend that literary canons are assembled to further the interests of the powerful, and that celebrating artistic excellence instead of social relevance "marginalizes" the poor.

The Norton Anthology of African-American Literature, edited by Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Nellie Y. McKay (Norton, 2,709 pp., $49.95)

To my surprise, this book heightened my respect for these philistine clichés of the academic Left. In truth, canons *are* created by and for self-interested elites—but there are many elites besides that all-purpose bogeyman, the White Male Power Structure. The Nile-like length of this book, for example, benefits its editors and other professors of African-American literature. By "canonizing" 120 writers (at least a quarter of whom are decent but quite dispensable)

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they have legitimized a vast supply of subject matter to stoke their specialty's publish-or-perish fires for years to come. In contrast, Gates & Co. were much more cavalier about the needs of those who will try to read their book. To squeeze 2,709 pages into a size that coeds would find "comfortably portable" (or, let's be frank, tolerably lug-

Canons are *created by and for self-interested elites—but there are many elites besides the White Male Power Structure.*

gable), they had to specify paper of a thinness (and consequent transparency) seldom seen outside European public lavatories. Because you can see right through to the type on the other side of each page, stay close to a strong reading lamp and a bottle of aspirin.

Mr. Gates defends his old-fashioned philosophy of meritocratic selections as necessary to disprove theories of black intellectual inferiority. (Why this logic should not also rule out other forms of affirmative action remains unexplained.) Of course, no anthology, nor anything else, could prove that any two groups are equal in all ways, since this current dogma of uniform equality is simply not true: human beings possess, in varying degrees, so many different skills that any non-random group is bound to be inferior on average to any other group in some manner. Indeed, this anthology reconfirms the inferiority of white Americans in certain mental talents. The most interesting black artists have not tried to demonstrate equality with whites through redundant me-too works. Instead, they have pioneered new forms, from ragtime to rap, that whites would never have dreamed of.

So where does African-American literature rank? Its leading figures are certainly impressive. My personal favorites include turn-of-the-century man of letters James Weldon Johnson, poet Langston Hughes, dramatist August Wilson, and the delightful right-wing memoirist Zora Neale Hurston. Nevertheless, in the hierarchy of black achievement, literature would still have to fall somewhere in the vast middle ground, below the realms where blacks are world-conquering (e.g., music) and above those where they have yet to make much of a mark (e.g., high-tech entrepreneurship).

In contrast, the editors view the current state of black literature triumphantly, citing novelist Toni Morrison's 1993 Nobel Prize, a 1994 *Atlantic* cover story that claimed that blacks have replaced Jews as the leading "public intellectuals," and the burgeoning number of African-American Studies programs. Yet, black writers remain far rarer than their abundant publicity would imply: they account for only 0.4 per cent of professional authors. The explanation of this paradox is that blacks dominate one particular topic—Being Black in America—which might be the juiciest subject of our era. In contrast, they don't yet publish much on other themes. Notice that you almost never find yourself saying: "Gee, I didn't know that writer was black." The only author in the anthology that I was surprised to learn was black was science-fiction novelist Samuel R. Delany.

Specializing in blackness offers many advantages to black writers. Nonetheless, some disquieting trends are apparent in the final section showcasing 35 current authors: 1) Black writers are increasingly employed by universities, often in teaching poetry-writing workshops and other notorious pyramid

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schemes. While these are acceptable diversions for wealthy white students, there are obvious ethical questions about attempting to lure smart black kids into making disastrous career choices, such as writing poetry.

2) This increasing academicization means black writers now learn more about black history and black literature, but they're also more isolated from modern urban life. Thus, they tend to write less about black life today and more about simpler, more racist days-gone-by. As we see in the Balkans, those who don't ignore their past are sometimes doomed to overemphasize it.

3) In practice, multiculturalism turns out to be *mono*culturalism: Blacks lecture blacks on blackness, Hispanics teach Hispanics about Hispanicness, etc. Multicultural studies could better aid minorities by being honestly *multi*cultural: by objectively comparing how various ethnic groups' strengths, weaknesses, and strategies have lead to successes and failures. Indeed some brave college should experiment with requiring nonblack students to take an African-American studies course, while banning black students from majoring in the subject.

4) While many earlier black writers, such as Frederick Douglass and Ida B. Wells-Barnett, presented the facts about black life with clarity and logic, more recent black writers have often decided they can afford the luxuries of avant-garde stylistic innovation and emotional sensitivity rather than empirical analysis. Tom Wolfe's call for realistic novels that document The Way We Live Now has been largely ignored by academics, white and black.

5) The editors celebrate the growing female dominance of black literature without mentioning its flip side—the decline of black male writers, and, more worrisomely, of the black male desire for education.

6) Finally, the long alliance between Black Studies and Women's Studies has made it impolitic for campus-bound black writers to discuss frankly the travails of black inner-city males. The problem is that the ultimate feminist experiment—the government-subsidized destruction of patriarchy—has already been carried out in the ghetto, where fathers not only no longer rule, but often can't be found. Unfortunately, rather than usher in a utopia of sexual equality or matriarchy, the replacement for patriarchy turns out to be, well, Uzi-archy: rule by boys with guns. Nothing in the anthology's contemporary section comes close to confronting what is happening in our cities as candidly as a number of books by non-academic white male authors. For example, screenwriter Richard Price's 1992 novel about young crack dealers, *Clockers*, might be the most unflinching examination of the ways a boy becomes a man among the underclass since George Gilder's *Visible Man*. By marginalizing the inner-city black male, African-American literature is making itself increasingly irrelevant to the central problems of our society. □

Mere Manners

BEN C. TOLEDANO

THE debate continues over whether we in the United States should by law have a common, official language. Yet even if the debate were resolved and English made America's official language, that would not solve our national communication problem. For while people with a common language can converse and otherwise express themselves in words, their ability to communicate in the best and fullest sense is grossly diminished by an absence of shared codes of conduct—manners and behavior. Professor George Martin of Wofford College, one of the essayists in this book, writes that good manners are associated with good character and are "the grammar of social life, conventions of behavior which define the level of civilization a people or a person has obtained." The level at which we now find ourselves is one of moral and cultural anarchy. We are immersed in lives of money, discord, and all things physical. We have rejected what Professor Caroline Moore calls "the mature moral world of human relationships."

Gentility Recalled: Mere Manners and the Making of Social Order, edited by Digby Anderson (Acton Institute, 206 pp., $19.95)

The 11 essays in this volume, edited by *NR*'s Digby Anderson, have as their common theme a consideration of the qualities, customs, and traditions that make civilized societies possible. The word "Gentility" in the title could more correctly have been "Good Manners" because, judging from the essays, it seems intended to mean conduct or rules of behavior as a reflection of moral character. "Recalled," sad to say, does not mean restored or revived; it means only remembered. That we need to be taught, which we do, how critical good manners are to a healthy social order is a sad reminder of what we have lost. How we can rescue ourselves from this morass of barbaric infantilism is a question of the greatest importance.

In his Introduction and Summary, Mr. Anderson discusses manners as a prerequisite for social order, as "the means by which people of different backgrounds" can "meet within a code of behavior based on shared values." Clearly, the critical element of "shared values" seems to have been lost in our present state of moral and cultural narcissism. Mr. Anderson points out that our elders, those who have matured and become wiser through experience, should set examples for and teach the young those manners which promote "a framework of orderly behavior," without which there can be no meaningful and constructive discourse between people of different ages.

On this subject, I found Anthony O'Hear's essay to be of great interest. He notes that the middle-aged and older people whose responsibility it is to uphold standards are in many cases precisely the same individuals who have undermined good manners in the first place. If older people either never learned or forgot their manners, who will teach the young?

Essentially he asks why, confronted with a 61-year-old in a jogging suit and Reeboks, with his grey hair dyed brown, his face instant-tanned, and listening on his Walkman to the Rolling Stones, a 13-year-old *shouldn't* address

Mr. Toledano writes from Gulfport, Mississippi.

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his elder as "Bob"? And, with "Bob" for a mentor and example, why *shouldn't* Junior put rings through his nose or any other part of his body, cover himself with tattoos, and dye his hair green? According to Professor O'Hear, the failure of adults to act their age is bad manners; it is "a refusal to admit their own mortality"; it is undignified and shows a lack of humility. More important, not to require proper conduct from one's dependent children is a grave disservice to those children. Good manners must be taught before they can be learned. At the same time, O'Hear recognizes that if adults act like children, children cannot reasonably be expected to view and respect them as adults.

Why would parents support a distinction between teacher and pupil when they themselves make no distinction between parent and child?

His essay brought to mind a friend of mine who teaches in a public school. She and her fellow teachers are reluctant to discipline their students because of the way parents and, of course, school administrators may react. Parents are afraid to lose a playmate, someone with whom they want to be an equal. So why would parents support a distinction between teacher and pupil when they themselves make no distinction between parent and child? Teachers are prevented from teaching proper conduct; most parents choose not to.

In his essay entitled "Running a Respectable Household—Habits of the Home and Social Order," Michael D. Aeschliman seriously considers an otherwise all too casually used term: the "family." It is refreshing not to be family-valued to death in the usual superficial terms. He reminds us that, traditionally, the family has always been the crucial source for learning morality, honesty, courtesy, deference, and proper behavior. That precious civilizing institution has come under vigorous and vicious attack, and has been further undermined from within by dysfunctional, nonfunctional, one-parent, and nonexistent "families." It has also been besieged by the glamorous irresistibility of the market place. According to Professor Aeschliman, unique family intimacies, bonds, loyalties, and beliefs have been overwhelmed by the mindless pleasures provided by inescapable modern technology, much of it labeled "educational." In many families, parents have been replaced by electronics. All of these problems have been further aggravated by the universities and media, which constantly portray the traditional family as "a sexist prison" ruled by outdated notions of "guilt and indebtedness, frequently in alliance with oppressive religious superstitions."

Our plight has resulted, in significant part, from what Richard Weaver called a failure to preserve "the necessary relationship of status and function." The modern deification of youth is only one example of that imbalance, as the importance of a disciplined and responsible mind has become subordinate, for many of us, to the longing for a trim, muscular body. But in reality pleasures and desires are not all alike, one as good as another. Our elders—or rather, *their* elders—knew that. People didn't always think the way we do today, and it was a better time, as this book of essays well reminds and instructs us. □

FILM

Roundup

JOHN SIMON

ERIC Bogosian, performance artist and occasional playwright, comes across best in person in a solo piece. His plays, *Talk Radio* and *SubUrbia* (1994), are less effective, except when a crazed character takes over in a frantic monologue. ***Suburbia*** (let's forget about the pretentious central capital *U*) had its moments on the New York stage; transposed to the screen, it works about as well as a poem in a prose translation.

We are dealing here with a bunch of shiftless middle-class youths of twenty or so in the fictional Texas town of Burnfield (the film was shot in Austin), who spend a typical night at their favorite gathering place: the parking lot outside a convenience store run by a young Pakistani couple whom they enjoy tormenting. On this night, a former high-school chum of the kids—Pony, who is making it as a budding rock star—comes through town and wants to hang out with the old crowd. He shows up in a stretch limo, accompanied by the record-company publicist, a rich, sexy, spoiled Bel Air brat. There follow clashes, binges, sex, and violence, as well as a near-tragic ending.

As Terrence Rafferty has correctly noted in his *New Yorker* review, this is "a kind of anti-*American Graffiti*, with a forlorn convenience store substituted for the bright, bustling teen hangout Mel's Drive-In, and with cynicism substituted for nostalgia." But the problem is not so much Rafferty's grievance—the "narrow, mean-spirited view of the characters"—as Bogosian's inability to make a compelling screenplay out of a passable theater piece, and Richard Linklater's ineffectual direction.

Some characters are actually viewed with sympathy, especially Jeff, the college dropout, who does show concern for others and (however melodramatically) for the world, and who is fumbling toward becoming a serious writer. Needless to say, he is the authorial alter ego. Similarly, there is some feeling for Bee-Bee, the mousy hanger-on of the sassy Sooze, Jeff's girlfriend. Bee-Bee has little ego, and has just come out of ninety days in rehab, where her unloving parents consigned her, and is now worse off than ever.

The others, to be sure, are viewed coldly, especially the pseudo-artists. These include Sooze, a punker claiming to be headed for New York as a performance artist; Buff, a mindless blowhard who works in a pizza parlor and owns a video camera he doesn't know how to use; and, of course, Pony, whose rock music we get to sample. Though no worse

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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than any other, it allows Jeff to mock it, indeed rant against it in a spectacular outburst. Jeff and Pony are the antipodes here, with the remaining characters gravitating toward one or the other.

But the material, such as it is, is theatrical, not cinematic. Thus Buff's cavorting about on rollerblades creates a vivid effect on an otherwise static stage; with a movie camera racing along, it is mere standard cinema. When Jeff concludes that Tim, the cynical Marine dropout, has committed murder, it is much better for the seeming evidence to remain just off-stage than to have the camera traipse along and stick its nose into it. And when two adversaries face off, their circular stalking of each other seems, with all the camera gyrations, somehow stagy.

There is also the casting. Jeff, in the New York stage premiere, was played by Josh Hamilton, a charming, palpably intelligent, boyishly winning actor. Here, Giovanni Ribisi is a mush-faced, vacuous-eyed, slouching nonentity. And the movie's Pony, Jayce Bartok, is a big, soft yokel, whom I see not as a rocker, but in a rocker on the back porch.

Some of the other roles are decently played: by Amie Carey as a ring-in-the-eyebrow, mad-gleam-in-the-eye Sooze; Dina Spybey as a wistfully winsome Bee-Bee; Parker Posey as the sleekly blasé Erica; and Steve Zahn, repeating his stage part, as the buffoonish Buff. Lee Daniel's cinematography nicely conveys the deadly plane geometry of a garishly lit Hopneresque nighttown, seemingly lacking the third dimension. But the characters, alas, blend all too seamlessly into the two-dimensionality.

■ And now a few capsules, the only way to catch up with the unprecedented avalanche of 1996's year-end movies. ***Everyone Says I Love You*** is one of Woody Allen's brighter efforts. A typical family imbroglio with various cross-wired love stories, it is, this time, a musical, in which essentially nonsinging and nondancing actors, performing old song numbers, become musical comedians with freshmanish *désinvolture*. There are also some real dancers to execute Graciela Daniele's more elaborately zany dances. There is a good cast, smart cinematography, and, until near the end, unflagging fun, and an astoundingly consummate comedic performance from Julia Roberts.

■ An almost completely unfunny comedy, however, is ***Mother***, a major letdown from the sometimes erratic but usually at least intermittently riotous Albert Brooks. A scenaristic collaboration with one Monica Johnson, who seems to be scant help, this is a flaccid family spoof, in which the vastly less loved son out of two, whom his mother condescendingly introduces as "my other son," has just divorced and moved back in with eccentric Mom. There are a few funny lines and bits, but the film's only real distinction lies in a capital rendition of the guilelessly maddening mother by the amazing Debbie Reynolds.

Citizen Ruth *is quite simply the boldest satire out of Hollywood since, roughly, the year one.*

■ ***Some Mother's Son*** was made by the team that gave us *In the Name of the Father*, but what a falling off is here! Both deal with Irish–English clashes, but whereas *Father* was an absorbing real-life tale in which the English were not all of them pure black, and the Irish not all shining white, *Son*, with its Manichean black and white, seems hardly the son of that father. Perhaps the reason is that, on the earlier film, Terry George was the scenarist, and Jim Sheridan the director; now George directs, and Sheridan merely collaborates with him on the screenplay. More likely, however, is that this growing alliance between two very different mothers, both of whom have a son in a Belfast prison on hunger strike, is not quite so gripping a story—may we not be oversaturated with this conflict?—and that it lacks a central male figure of the caliber of Daniel Day-Lewis. It does, however, have two superb actresses as the mothers: Helen Mirren and Fionnula Flanagan are nonpareils.

■ True satire, it should be recalled, is equitable. It sees not black to the left and white to the right, but ridiculous and appalling mud-grey all over. That is how Swift, Voltaire, and Brecht did it, and that, in its sometimes a bit heavy-handed, not always quite funny enough way, is what ***Citizen Ruth*** does. It is quite simply the boldest satire out of Hollywood since, roughly, the year one.

Ruth (perfectly played by Laura Dern) is a complete tramp, whose chief joy is sniffing glue. Repeatedly in trouble with the law, she has already given up four illegitimate babies for adoption. The fifth time, to avoid imprisonment for endangering her fetus, she prepares to heed a judge's advice to have an abortion. Ruth now becomes the center of a wildly comic battle between a family of pro-lifers and a lesbian couple heading a pro-choice group. Both sides reduce Ruth to a pawn; Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor's screenplay, directed by the former, is impartially barbed in both directions.

Ruth turns into a national issue but maintains her selfish individuality as, at least, unhypocritical scum. And please don't tell me that abortion is too serious a subject for spoofing; a satire on an unserious subject is worthless. □

TELEVISION I

Revenge of the Bourgeoisie

RICH LOWRY

HANK Hill, a forty-year-old employee of Strickland Propane in the nondescript suburb of Arlen, Texas, is in a fix. His somewhat slow 12-year-old son, Bobby, has a black eye, and his wife, Peggy, a welt on her forehead. Hank is famous around the neighborhood for his temper, displayed recently at the hardware store when he berated a listless teenage clerk. Soon, rumors are swirling around about abuse in the Hill household, and someone calls a social worker.

Ordinarily it wouldn't take much

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imagination to guess who the hero of this particular story will turn out to be—except the scenario is from the pilot episode of the refreshing new animated series on Fox TV, ***King of the Hill***. The social worker is a twenty-something latte-drinker fresh from Los Angeles. When typing, he wears huge braces on his wrists to protect himself from carpal-tunnel syndrome. A poster of OSHA regulations hangs on his office wall. Fielding the complaint about Hank Hill, he explains to the caller: "I wish I could, ma'am, but the system says we can't take custody of the boy without a home visit."

This is rare television, which takes the side of a middle-class suburbanite who has no patience with permissiveness.

During the home visit, all the social worker's worst fears appear to be confirmed. Hank Hill becomes enraged at the visitor's accusatory questions and at the fact that his wife blabs about his narrow urethra. So when Hank kicks this "twig boy" out of his house, the social worker recommends that the state take custody of Bobby. The misunderstanding gets untangled, but not before Bobby uses his new-found leverage over his father, telling Hank when he scolds him: "Dad, that's not respectful adult–child dialogue."

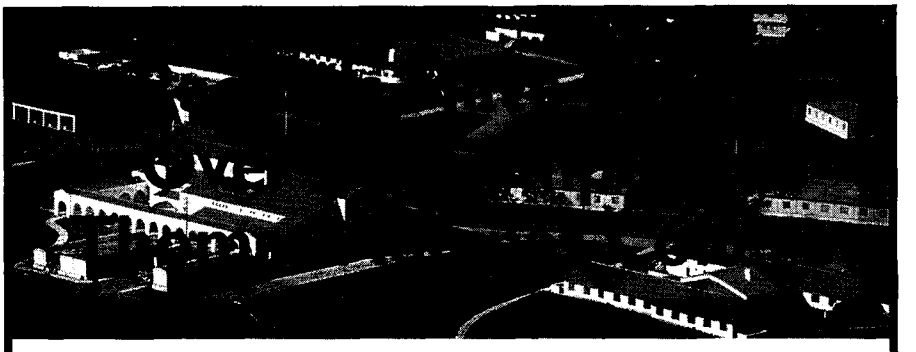
This is rare television, a program that takes the side of a middle-class, beer-drinking suburbanite with a taste for lawn mowers and power tools and absolutely no patience with permissiveness. Outside of *Cosby* and a handful of other shows, middle-class family life is generally derided even by programs about families, like *Roseanne*, an ode to PMS feminism, and *Married with Children*, with its relentless vulgarity. As *King of the Hill* creator Mike Judge told *Time* magazine, "I've met so many people who work in the movies and in TV who come from upper-middle-class New England families, and they're really out of touch with what the rest of the country is thinking."

Judge is also the creator of MTV's *Beavis and Butt-head*, which is about the part of the country that is not thinking at all. In *Beavis and Butt-head*, Judge already showed a taste for smashing icons. The protagonists won't be included in any William Bennett anthologies, but given the pleasure they take in splattering frogs with baseball bats, their utter objectification of women, and the atrocious way they treat their fey, sandal-wearing high-school teacher, liberals don't have much to like either.

Indeed, one of the beauties of that show is that it's a satire of the moronic teenage culture of MTV. The character Hank Hill is a derivative of Beavis and Butt-head's neighbor Mr. Anderson, who is usually exclaiming, "What th' hell are you boys doin'?" In effect, in *King of the Hill* the perspective just switches from that of the sex-starved teenage deviants to that of their law-abiding neighbor, who instead of the hapless victim is now the undisputed leader of his group of friends (including Dale, a bumbling black-helicopter conspiracy theorist) and of his household.

It's the social worker's threat to the latter that makes Hank Hill so irate. The same goes for the local school's sex-ed requirement in the show's second episode. Judge sympathizes with Hill in both these disputes, which really go to

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*



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the heart of the contemporary skirmish over the family. Child abuse is so often hyped by liberals because it implies that 1) social workers know best and 2) middle-class suburbia masks a cesspool of patriarchal repression and depravity. Sex-ed is another favorite because there is presumably no better proof of the backwardness of parents than their reluctance to have their kids taught the latest in sexual practices.

Well, Hank Hill can raise his boy just fine on his own, thank you very much. In Judge's hands, even Hill's old-fashioned fatherly emotional distance is endearing. At the urging of his wife, at one point Hank struggles to express his "unconditional love" for Bobby. "Uh, you, uh, you're my son. Uh, well you know with everything, uh, that entails. Uh, huh, you know, uh, feelings of fondness and more, heh, uh, you know what I mean, don't you, boy? . . . Uh, I, you, uh, family. You're not making this easy on me, boy. Uh, OK—I-love-you-no-matter-what-you-do. There! Whew! Let's go get something to eat!" It's not a sophisticated statement, nor does it reflect a man particularly "in touch with his feelings," but that Judge celebrates it nonetheless is the charm, and self-effacing wisdom, of *King of the Hill.* □

TELEVISION II

Politically Incorrect—Not

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

THE Inauguration has come and gone, and with it the hopes Washington, D.C., entertained of a tourist bonanza. Receipts were lower than expected, far down from last time. Much like the election, in fact, in which voter turnout fell to 49 per cent, the lowest since 1924. In a way it is a welcome development, a rejection of activism, an indication that people are ready to get on with their own lives rather than those of their neighbors.

To members of the political class, especially on the Left, it is a rejection that hurts. Self-important beyond belief, they need to be taken seriously, not to be ignored. People should "participate" in the "process," whether they want to or not. The media, it is argued, must play their part in what would doubtless be termed our national town meeting. To some, this entails free air time for their speeches ("the broadcasting spectrum is public property") and patronizingly sanitized "civic journalism" of the type seen in the North Carolina Senate race. To others, this is old politics, too League-of-Women-Voters to be relevant. Post-modernly hip, and leftward naturally, they fuse politics with entertainment, Rock the Vote, and are thrilled when ABC buys the rights to ***Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher*** from a cable channel dedicated to comedy.

Believe *U.S. News & World Report* and Bill Maher is a Will Rogers in the making, a man whose show, according to *George*, "may change the way America watches politics." ABC hopes so. The network has targeted *Politically Incorrect* at the Koppel and Sominex crowd, scheduling it just after *Nightline*.

The format is simple. Think of the *Monty Python* sketch where Marx and Lenin appear on a game show, to be asked questions on soccer and pop music. Bill Maher reverses the premise. The topics for discussion are often political, and serious(ish), the guests frequently less so. To be sure, you might see an Ed Rollins, Dee Dee Myers, or John O'Sullivan, but they will generally be outnumbered by entertainers: an actor or two, a rock star, or an unclassifiable like Kato Kaelin.

Whatever its claims, Politically Incorrect *still plays by the Left's rules.*

The show is certainly not politically incorrect, in the authentic, which is to say right-wing, sense of the term. Instead, we are told, *Politically Incorrect* is about "honesty." Is it? Well, in theory Mr. Maher's guests are speaking openly, being encouraged to state their true beliefs. (That this is considered daring, politically incorrect, says a lot about America.) But many do not, of course: they have their agents, their focus groups to think of. Oh sure, the performing seals will bark on cue. Sandra Bernhard is good for a brawl, and G. Gordon Liddy is just good. But that's their schtick; it's what's expected. For the rest, it is all very bland, with even the mildest controversy being greeted by the hoots and whoops of an audience priding itself on its own sophistication.

If the show has a slant, it is that disgruntled populism so easily manipulated by Common Cause, in which "good government" shades imperceptibly into big government. Bill Maher himself prefers to affect a wry "plague on both your houses" bi-partisanship, but it doesn't quite convince.

Whatever its claims, *Politically Incorrect* still plays by the Left's rules. Conservative positions may be taken, but they must be carefully qualified as exceptions, not the rule. Mr. Maher favors the death penalty, but is also pro-choice and pro–gun control. He will tell risqué jokes, call female guests "baby," and talk sensibly about today's poisonous gender politics; but at the same time, says a Website for Maher fans, he admires "smart women." A favorite cause, animal rights, is impeccably PC.

So if the show is not politically incorrect, is it even "political," something to be taken seriously? Judging from the recent show devoted to an absurdly gentle interview with Larry Flynt, the answer must be no. One is tempted to dismiss *Politically Incorrect* as a talk show with pretensions, to grumble, as some guests have done, that the mix of guests and sub-*McLaughlin* format inhibits proper discussion. It would be easy, perhaps too easy. One hears the sound of a mandarin whine being uncorked. "Comedy Boy," as Maher has described himself, is entitled to his say, and so are the folks on his show. Politics should not be the exclusive preserve of wonks. The idea that it operates (or should operate) independently of the world of entertainment, or the general cultural mix, is nonsense.

But *Politically Incorrect* won't "change the way America watches politics." It won't change anything. If the discussion can seem trivial and intellectually dis-

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honest, that merely reflects the society from which the show has emerged. Bill Maher once commented that in Bill Clinton the U.S. had chosen an appropriate President, "because he is full of s—" and so are we. Mr. Maher is quite right. And that is why this stand-up comedian, this Carson who wants to be Cronkite, is, as much as anyone else, the pundit we deserve. □

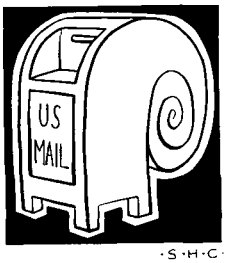
SOUND ON DISC

Music from Heaven

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

IF it were measured phrase by phrase, it could probably be shown that the greatest music of the Western world, from the time of plainchant onward, has been poured into the Roman Catholic liturgy. The earlier music sang in the quieter, more contemplative expressions of the Passion, but as the apocalypse of our time advanced it became a cry *de profundis* or, as with the Berlioz *Requiem*, as an assault on the gates of Heaven. It is of some consequence, therefore, to consider what the liturgy has called forth from those who fell into its musical embrace.

Mozart, an irreverent rascal, could produce a beautiful and soul-wrenching statement like the "*Et incarnatus est*" of his *Great Mass in C*. Berlioz, not a particularly pious man, reached heights of emotion beyond his finest utterance. Schubert, whose homosexuality was a continual torture, rose above it in his religious composing. One of the greatest voices in opera, Verdi, anti-clerical and in general dubious of religion, rose above this to create a *Messa da Requiem* of beauty, passion, and yearning.



The critics, God bless their pointy heads, screamed that the Verdi *Requiem* was "operatic"—as if death itself were not operatic enough. Verdi was deeply moved by the passing of Alessandro Manzoni, whose now little-read *I Promessi Sposi* was then considered the ultimate in Italian prose, and it may be that Verdi's very contemplation of the ritual created the affirmations of his *Requiem*. Those critics, diving like loons and coming up with their pocket handkerchiefs —Hazlitt's satiric formulation—found this or that reference in a Verdi opera to this or that correspondence in the *Requiem*, which tells us only that Verdi spoke a consistent musical language.

I first came upon the Verdi *Requiem* in a Beniamino Gigli 78-rpm recording of the "*Ingemisco*." This is not the most important part of the Mass, but its "*Culpa rubet vultus meus*" touches a nerve. I later heard the entire Mass with Gigli, Ezio Pinza, Maria Caniglia, and Ebe Stignani—a magnificent roster—conducted by Tullio Serafin. It has been reissued on EMI (CDH 7633412). Now EMI has issued another recording of the *Messa da Requiem*, with soloists Renata Scotto, Agnes Baltsa, Veriano Luchetti, and Evgeny Nesterenko, led by Riccardo Muti—who has developed into one of today's more versatile and conscientious conductors. Perhaps I am not making a very clear distinction when I say that the Muti version is more dramatic, the Serafin more theatrical. And Luchetti, in the "*Ingemisco*," my test piece, is very fine indeed and does not intrude with those Italianate tenorisms and operatic sobs to which the great Gigli was given.

It was, of course, ridiculous for the critics to deplore the Verdi *Requiem* because it is in Verdi's style. No one has ever objected because Bach's religious and liturgical works, as well as his other compositions, bear the imprint of the Baroque. A composer does not turn his apron around because he is addressing another master. Fauré's *Requiem* is cast in his typical gentle velours, as Monteverdi's celebration of the Virgin is written in his own voice. If you are sincerely speaking to God, you do not mouth the accents of another time.

Consider Haydn's Masses. Long forgotten, except for a brief flurry of LP recordings by the Haydn Society in the late 1940s, they have surfaced again in the quiet Haydn revival of the past years. Now Bruno Weil and the excellent Tafelmusik Orchestra and Chorus give us the *Paukenmesse* (Sony SK 6825), in a performance that is perceptive and stirring. This Mass is in the restrained mode that Haydn brought to fruition, classical to the core, and gives sustenance when the candle gutters.

I have been admonished by Bill Buckley and others for professing that Johann Sebastian Bach is not the be-all and end-all of music and that perhaps a careful look at Monteverdi as a rival to Bach's greatness should not be construed as *lèse majesté*. Bach was very great indeed, but his B-Minor Mass does not approach in faith, depth, and sheer musical beauty and understanding

I have been admonished by Bill Buckley for professing that Bach is not the be-all and end-all of music.

those of Luis Thomás de Victoria. Still, in that great outpouring of music which we call Baroque, Bach was qualitatively and quantitatively king. Pablo Casals, who devoted his life to the study of Bach's music, said to me that "he was so far ahead of his time that if he returned today, he would be considered a musical revolutionary."

Casals saw Bach as "a volcano"—and in that I can concur. The cantata is the centerpiece of the Sunday Lutheran service, and Bach wrote more than two hundred cantatas (Teleman wrote one thousand—not one, we are told, matching Bach's). And this does not take into account the *St. Matthew Passion*, the B-Minor Mass, or the multitude of other works. Three of these cantatas are well chosen by Gustav Leonhardt, the Tölzer Knabenchor, and Baroque Orchestra (Sony SK68 265): "*Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende*," "*O ewiges Feuer*," and "*Jesu nun sei gepreiset*." They are given the foursquare Germanic performance they require.

Franz Schubert wrote six Masses, of which we have five. The last two, in A-

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flat and E-flat, widely surpass the earlier compositions in which he had still not broken free of Viennese musical conventions. I have written about Schubert's A-flat Mass in highly enthusiastic terms, but this was before I had heard and studied the last of his liturgical work. Two points are usually made about the E-flat Mass: 1) that as in his other Masses Schubert deleted the "I believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church" affirmation; and 2) that it is truly Schubertian, bearing an affinity to his Symphony in C Major. Of the first, it should be said that it indicates little more than an antagonism to clericalism, derived from his unhappy and oppressive experiences in church schools. Of the second, it is one more example of the kind of criticism to which Verdi's *Requiem* was subjected. It in no way diminishes the religiosity of the E-flat Mass that it is a choral work, perhaps for concert performance, as its length seems to dictate. It is truly a Mass, and to me Schubert's finest work. Not only is it harmonically and melodically rich, but it states that cry of man shaken by his mortality and assuaged by the ritual benediction. The conducting by Carlo Maria Giulini of the Chorus and Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio (Sony SK 69 290) is particularly felicitous in its understanding and expression of this score.

■ Without Chiaroscuro and Hank O'Neal, there would be precious little current mainstream jazz for us nowadays. They have brought back Jess Stacy and Mel Powell, and they gave Dick Wellstood a recording haven. Now they have sent me three CDs, reissues of earlier LPs, which are a delight.

Earl Hines in New Orleans (Chiaroscuro CR(D)200): The "Fatha" is forever enshrined in jazz chronicles for the Okehs he cut with Louis Armstrong, particularly in the unforgettable *West End Blues* records, in which he developed what came to be known as trumpet-style piano. It has been many years since I heard Earl Hines, and so this solo recording has been a real experience. Hines has developed a style in which at times the left and right hands seem to be going their separate ways—intricately. He has combined the rhythms and attack of stride, ragtime, blues, and what used to be called cocktail piano. He improvises more on the chord than on the melody, with great sophistication. And yet he never deserts the beat. If you go for jazz piano solo, this record matches some of the best.

John Eaton—Made in America (Chiaroscuro CR(D)333): Playing a relaxed piano, John Eaton runs the gamut of standards written by songwriters from all over the globe. Rhythm is secondary to harmonics. This makes for good and easy listening.

The Floating Jazz Festival Trio (Chiaroscuro CR(D) 340): Junior Mance (piano), Peter Betts (bass), and Jackie Williams (drums) are joined by Benny Golson (saxophone) to produce one of those solid records that take you back to the old days along 52nd Street and Harlem's Seventh Avenue. All four players mesh in arrangements that give them free rein in first-rate improvisations. Listening to their kind of music, you wonder why anybody ever bothered with bop or what followed it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Last Orders, by Graham Swift (Knopf, 295 pp., $23)

THIS novel arrives fresh from having won the most prestigious British literary prize, the Booker, and yet it's not as bad as that makes it sound. The soap-opera-ish plot emerges in the background as the jumbled-up thoughts and memories of four men as they drive to Margate pier to throw the ashes of Jack Dodds into the sea. As he lay dying of stomach cancer, Jack had borrowed £1,000 from his adoptive son, Vince, and given it to his old army buddy Ray to put on a longshot at Goodwood—for Amy, Jack's wife of fifty years. He might or might not have known that Ray had had an affair with Amy 25 years before. Will the longshot pay off? Will Amy marry Ray? There is plenty of Booker-bait here: *Last Orders* seeks to capture, in what the judges no doubt took to be an authentic way, a working-class culture from one of the most depressed areas of London. And the drive to Margate has the right degree of humility as a series of events and makes for an example of that modish style I like to call the Ruminative School of fiction (see the novels of Richard Ford, *passim*). Still, with discrete passages as fine as you could hope for, the book is undeniably affecting. Martin Walker says that Bill Clinton is "the President we deserve," and maybe, in the self-absorbed and complacent 1990s, this is the fiction we deserve.

—JAMES BOWMAN

Manhood at Harvard: William James and Others, by Kim Townshend (Norton, 318 pp., $29.95)

A METICULOUS work of scholarship and, indeed, a beautiful book, *Manhood at Harvard* evokes post–Civil War Harvard in its Golden Age under the formidable President Charles Eliot, cousin of T. S. (Imagine, by the way, being a student and able to sign up for courses by William James, George Santayana, and Josiah Royce. James's *Principles of Psychology* had a shorter student version known locally as "the Jimmy.") Mr. Townshend's subject is the postwar ethos of "manliness"—men as doers, achievers, fighters, and not "molly-coddles," as Teddy Roosevelt put it. For all its nuances, William James's philosophy had a hard practical edge. Football in a particularly lethal phase was a campus religion. (A Harvard coach legendarily told his team before a Yale game that this was the most important thing they would ever do in their lives; a defensible statement, in my opinion.) Crew was even more elite: it hurt, gave no pleasure, and was more Calvinistic. The ethos came out of the war and took on the task of building a nation and a world power. Mr. Townshend rightly stresses the centrality of "Will." James re-invented himself after a serious breakdown, Roosevelt after crippling childhood asthma. I'm surprised that Mr. Townshend doesn't mention Nietzsche here nor all those Englishmen climbing Alps and pyramids. The ethos did have its absurdities: TR's boxing coach in the White House, etc.; strenuousness probably weakened his and James's hearts. For all his descriptive care, Mr. Townshend doesn't much like the ethos. He senses a few traces of it still among us and seeks "ways to diminish its influence [which is] systemic in our culture." Well, I dunno. When I first read this book in galleys, no dustjacket photo, I assumed it had been written by a woman. But, no. To me the 1870s sound like a great time to have gone to Harvard, and I bet James and Roosevelt had better manners than the current faculty at Amherst, where Professor Townshend teaches.

—JEFFREY HART

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BEARY

(Continued from page 46)

Slavery was so commonplace in Africa, that "some of these slaves have even slaves under them as their own property, and for their own use."

Equiano is kidnapped from his village—but by African, not white, slave traders [*pace* Alex Haley].

> At length, after many days' traveling, during which I had often changed masters, I got into the hands of a chieftain. . . . I was again sold . . . I was bought of the merchant . . . till, at the end of six or seven months after I had been kidnapped, I arrived at the sea coast. . . . The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast, was the sea, and a slave ship. . . . I was carried on board . . . immediately handled . . . by some of the crew.

Equiano's account of his kidnapping by his fellow Africans, his subsequent sale and resale to others of his continent during months of captivity, stands in contrast to the picture of white slave traders raiding the coasts of Africa that is so dear to some American educators and African-American propagandizers.

Equiano's description of the African slave system conforms to that given by the three white slave traders. The principle slave categories may be enumerated thus: 1) captives taken in war, or kidnapped (black Africans being the perpetrators of both the warfare and the kidnapping); 2) convicted felons (thieves, adulterers, murders, etc.), and the mentally infirm; 3) those born into slavery and held as slaves by African masters.

From the foregoing accounts, it can be seen that European and American slave traders did not introduce slavery either into Africa or into the New World. A thriving slave system existed in both continents long before the start of the much more publicized Atlantic trade. One can only imagine the delight of the African slave masters, and slave dealers, when the human commerce they engaged in caught the eye of foreign traders arriving on the coasts of West Africa.

THE original draft of the Declaration of Independence, as written by Thomas Jefferson, sought to express the disgust of the American people at the barbaric African slave tradition in these words:

> He [George III] has waged civil war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery into another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce.

That Jefferson should have blamed King George for the slave trade is perhaps not unremarkable, given that one intent of the Declaration is to vilify that monarch. However, George III was not only not responsible for starting the trade, he abolished it in 1807. Jefferson's reference to "the opprobrium of infidel powers" shows that the framer was well aware that the Muslim potentates of Africa were heavily responsible for "this execrable commerce."

It took ninety years to finally eradicate this African cancer from the American body politic. In the end, however, it was done.

We Americans are not responsible for the African slave tradition. We did not begin slavery, we ended it. As many disturbing reports from modern Africa show, slavery has still not been wholly eradicated from that continent. □

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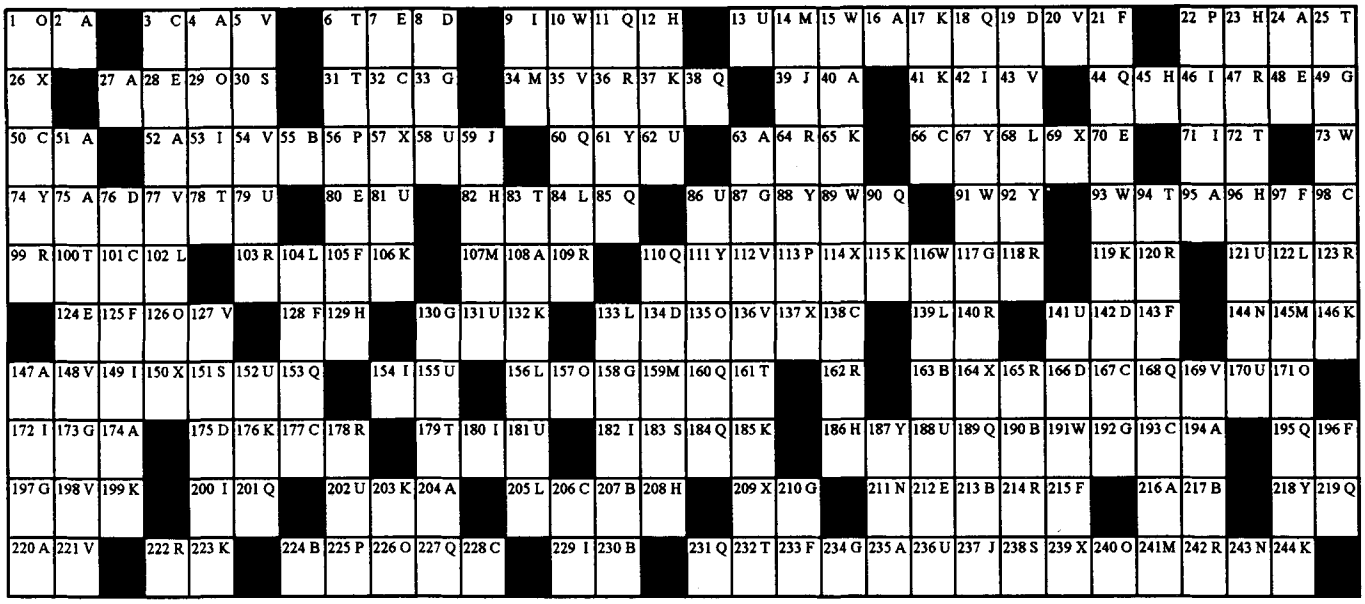
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. In which Mistresses Ford and Page make sport of Falstaff (4 words)
63 147 75 52 204 216 16 220 235 194 4
40 24 27 108 174 51 2 95

B. Critic
163 190 224 213 217 207 55 230

C. King of Siam's ballroom gallantry (3 words)
138 32 101 177 167 66 228 50 206 3 98
193

D. Late Lee of RNC fame
134 8 175 76 19 166 142

E. Heir to the French throne in former days
70 48 7 124 212 80 28

F. Wasted away, in muscular terms
125 128 105 196 233 215 97 143 21

G. George Washington's estate (2 words)
158 117 197 49 130 192 33 234 173 87 210

H. Firefight
208 12 129 186 96 23 45 82

I. His life was neither solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, nor short (2 words)
154 42 180 149 172 46 182 229 71 200 53
9

J. Rock containing iron, copper, etc.
39 59 237

K. Affirmative actionists' call for controlled retreat (5 words)
17 132 244 199 176 146 185 223 65 41 106
203 37 119 115

L. Tyranny's antithesis (3 words)
102 68 133 84 122 156 205 104 139

M. Fellow citizen, to Socrates or Demosthenes
107 241 34 145 14 159

N. Jones's Wall Street mate
144 243 211

O. Augmentation
240 1 135 126 29 226 157 171

P. Sulk
56 225 22 113

Q. Twin perils of the classical world (3 words)
38 11 85 168 184 110 60 160 90 227 44
219 231 201 195 153 18 189

R. Edison's glowing triumph (2 words)
242 118 214 162 36 109 140 120 103 64 222
123 47 99 178 165

S. Day's meridian
238 30 183 151

T. All-around Olympian
6 25 179 161 94 78 83 100 232 31 72

U. Red-rosed dynasty (Henry VI and VII) (3 words)
131 170 13 236 58 155 81 62 202 121 86
141 79 181 152 188

V. Vague, open-ended
136 77 127 221 112 43 148 54 169 198 35
5 20

W. Swift's island of little people
15 116 191 89 91 93 10 73

X. Dissolute knave
69 150 57 137 26 239 209 114 164

Y. Juvenile
74 67 187 111 218 92 88 61

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. LINCOLN: *Crisis of the Union*: "It forces us to ask—Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?"

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Empty Churches: Virtue in Denial

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31

"The sad condition of the nation's churches was reflected in the puzzled and at times disdainful expressions and comments people made when learning of my research topic. In a variety of ways I was asked: Do churches, well, really matter any more?"

The author's research project is the dissipation of Christian practice. Professor Reeves is the productive and tough-minded Wisconsin scholar, Thomas C. Reeves (he has written a definitive study of Sen. Joe McCarthy, and an engaging digression on the life of John F. Kennedy). He is an Episcopalian, and in his extraordinary new book, *The Empty Church*, wonders whether mainline Protestant Christianity is exhausted. He asks, obviously, a temporal question, believing as thoughtful Christians do, that the fountainhead of Christian faith is inexhaustible.

The story of *The Empty Church* is best told by staring at the material it gives us, some of it melancholy, some direful, all of it revealing.

—Charles Murray is quoted with the figure: practically 30 per cent of all live births were to unmarried mothers. "Illegitimacy is the single most important social problem of our time—more important than crime, drugs, poverty, illiteracy, welfare, or homelessness because it drives everything else."

—Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians lose nearly half their young people for good. . . . 48 per cent of Presbyterian youth drop out of church-going altogether. In 1985 a third of the nation's Methodist churches had performed no baptisms.

—Two Methodist professors of religion have concluded that "it seems inconceivable that an agency of any mainline, Protestant denomination should espouse some social position unlike that of the most liberal Democrat. The church is the dull exponent of conventional secular political ideas with a vaguely religious tint."

—A student at the prestigious, interdenominational Harvard University Divinity School has summarized that "pluralism is the God at Harvard. The basic presumption is that Western religion is not good, and Christianity is the worst. The new slur—like being 'homophobic'—is being 'Christo-centric.'" Another Harvard divinity student recalls, "I learned word games. Capitalism, patriarchy, Christianity, patriotism, America, tradition, Republican, hierarchy—these were bad words. Feelings, liberation, oppression, victimization, conversations, dialogue, caucus, and empowerment were good words."

—At Princeton, the Episcopal chaplain tells young people who approach him that he is not in the business of dispensing dogmatic answers about anything. His job, as he sees it, is "to help students out of their parents' faith and into their own."

—Four in ten Americans know that Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount. Three in ten teenagers know why Easter is celebrated.

—The net figures: 30 per cent of Americans are totally secular in outlook, 29 per cent are barely or nominally religious, 22 per cent are modestly religious, 19 per cent (about 36 million people) regularly practice their religion.

—George Gilder is quoted: "Under the sway of television, democratic capitalism enshrines a Gresham's law: bad culture drives out good, and ultimately porn and pruriency, violence and blasphemy, prevail everywhere from the dimwitted 'news' shows to the lugubrious movies."

—Exit polls in the 1994 elections found 56 per cent of voters agreeing that the problems facing the country were "primarily moral and social," 65 per cent more likely to support the candidate or political party whose top priority was a reversal of the nation's moral slide.

—Yet no such reversal is in prospect. The social scientist Os Guinness writes that "the United States has become afflicted over the last generation with a crisis of cultural authority similar to that which the ancient Greeks spoke of as 'the gods switching sides,' the traditional Chinese as 'the crisis of the Mandate of Heaven,' and nineteenth century Europeans as 'the death of God.'"

—Is this then the time to abandon ship?

—"There is no law of history decreeing the victor in this struggle. The liberal notion of a clock that can move only 'forward'—that is to say, in a liberal direction—is merely self-serving. Writer Digby Anderson has pointed out that the Victorians turned the clock back in the late 1800s by reversing the spiritual and moral slide brought on by the Enlightenment. 'By the end of the century they had substantially reduced crime, halved illegitimacy, and produced a complex, powerful, and sophisticated moral order. And not only a moral order but a moral understanding and language. Virtue had been lost. Virtue was restored.'" □

"Not so fast—my mother-in-law isn't in there, is she?"

Mr. Gates Says, "Make It Simpler!"

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24

Although bunkered down a hundred miles away from Davos, its proceedings radiate through the Swiss countryside and indeed to all the corners of the globe, inasmuch as what's being discussed affects everyone, including the policymakers at Davos. One evening the managing editor of *Time* magazine, the distinguished writer Walter Isaacson, interviewed two guests, Andrew Grove, the head of Intel (who makes all those chips we use), and Bill Gates (who makes everything else). As a prankish providence sometimes has it, the burden of their message directly interfaced, or rather failed to interface, with a personal problem, but one of generic interest.

Where, the interrogator asked, are we going with all this stuff? Mr. Gates accosted the questioner with his most appealing I'm-glad-you-asked-that-question expression. It isn't that Mr. Gates isn't resourceful enough to get asked any question he wishes—any person with public experience can reword a question to say exactly what he wishes to hear.

But he did say that the great forward march in cybernetic technology is towards simplicity. He took the occasion to say that the reason he (Microsoft) and Mr. Intel, sitting next to him, weren't properly classified as "monopolists" is that genuine monopolists manufacture the identi-

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cal thing year after year (one thinks of water, electricity, coal). What *we* do is keep manufacturing better things, simpler things. And the reason we need to make huge profits is that it requires the expenditure of huge profits to go in that sublime direction. If we were to sell today what we had invented three years ago, we would find no customers! (Slight smile on the moonface—the teacher got just-the-right answer, and Bill was pleased with himself.)

Forgive from this quarter a disgruntled expulsion of internal gas of skepticism. An example?

Beginning the day the Davos types convened, I went through the motions of activating my E-mail carrier in Switzerland (MCI) for the 14th year. It was a matter of five minutes to enable the traditional Swiss protocols—two code words, macro'd together in my Smartkey. (The antecedent words are a fancy way of saying all I had to do was depress two keys.) At that point I needed to depress an 8-digit number, whereupon I was face to face with U.S.A. MCI, whose glories I have celebrated in this space.

But the usual number did not work. That meant a half-day communicating with all the offices in Switzerland that devote themselves to telecommunications. At the end of the day the Helvetian Confederation had concluded that the problem lay in America.

Two successive afternoons were spent with technicians in America. I remind Mr. Gates that all that MCI had to do was find one number that would do the work that one number had so faithfully, so flawlessly done for 13 years. On endless transatlantic calls I was now made to try every possible combination involving the words parity, even, uneven, data bits, stop bits, bauds, and ports. You would think the technicians were trying to rediscover the famous lost chord, which the legendary musician died trying to rehear.

But finally the sequence crystallized. I had only to dial a number in Berne, hit the Carriage Return on seeing the Connect sign, await the appearance of a pound sign (#), type a Capital C (which would be invisible), then type "mci,mail," await the request for my name, followed by the request for my password, give them both, after which I press Alt C, then Alt N, then Alt S. I have then arrived where, since 1983, I had arrived after typing the one number.

Mr. Gates should pay a million dollars or whatever to somebody who should stay at his side day and night, intoning only the one word. "Simpler?" We acknowledge with deferential admiration the complicated things that are going on under the keyboards of modern life. But the monopolists Mr. Gates disdained, who produce all those products that year after year are unchanged, did end up with a faucet. When you pushed it that way, water came out. The electrical people came up with a button. When you push it, the light goes on. The telephone people have made it possible to communicate with anybody in the world (who has a phone) by simply pushing one or two or at most three extra keys. From where Bill Gates lives to where I work is 011-41-26-925-wxyz. That's simple. Maybe Windows 97—or if that is too much, too soon, Windows 99—will make it possible to recapture the simplicity of the E-mail system of 1983. □

Care for the Illegitimate?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan seeks to make one point and ends trying to make two. The first is enormously important for those who have eyes to see and wish to use them. It is that a decline in the number of teenage pregnancies is not the same as a decline in the ratio of illegitimate teenage pregnancies.

Consider. In 1940, there were 54 pregnancies for every thousand teenagers. That figure climbed to 89 in 1960. It really hasn't oscillated all that much since then (1970—68; 1980—53; 1993—59). But because in 1995 the figure dropped by a hair from the preceding year (from 58.9 to 56.9) the political let's-party set decided a jamboree was in order. Miss Donna Shalala of Health and Human Services trumpeted the improvement as did, of course, President Clinton.

Senator Moynihan's point is that a reduction in the per/thousand figures tells us nothing about the *ratio* of illegitimate teenage pregnancies. That "continues to soar. It reached 75.9 per cent in 1994. That surely should be a ceiling; and yet the ratio has reached 96.8 percent in the District of Columbia." People tend to round off figures, for convenience. Exercising that convention, one would not be far off by saying that "100 per cent" of teenagers who bear children in Washington, D.C., are unmarried.

But Sen. Moynihan proceeds to relate the bad statistics to the welfare bill. No, he is not saying that last June's welfare bill caused the incremental lovers in Washington, D.C., to scrap their application for a wedding license. He is suggesting that the situation will get worse as the result of a bill that ends the program that provided Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

The difference in competing focuses here throws interesting light on conservative and liberal approaches to social problems. Senator Moynihan is saying: Look, the ratio of illegitimate births is soaring, and continues to soar. What must therefore be done is to continue to provide federal benefits to the one-parent family and above all to give more and better schooling to their children. The planted axiom is that the illegitimacy ratio will continue high and therefore we must cope with it even as, with the arrival of winter, one needs to cope with the cold.

But of course there is another approach. It is that, preeminently, of Charles Murray. In his book *Losing Ground* he made a case for discouraging the birth of illegitimate children by depriving the mother of guaranteed income. The June welfare act does not repeal aid to dependent children, it assigns increasing responsibility for the amount of such aid and the conditions under which it is disbursed, to the states. If Mr. Murray is correct, and he is persuasive, the factor of financial aid has direct bearing on the incidence of illegitimate childbirth.

Consider the figures. The illegitimacy rate in 1940 was 7.1 per thousand births to unmarried females; 14.1 in 1950. When effusive welfare began in 1965, it was at 23.5. In 1975, it was 24.8. By 1993, it had increased to 45.3.

In the District of Columbia we have only the relief that in the nature of things it can't really get higher. After 100 per cent, you meet absolute statistical resistance: It can't get worse.

The case is made by the Cato Institute that the dole is also responsible for the abandonment by business of the inner cities, one cause of which is the difficulty in finding men and women who will take such jobs as are offered. A Cato study notes that under present law a welfare mother in Hawaii with two children could receive as much as $36,400 a year in assistance, which is the equivalent of $17.50 an hour; more than three times the minimum wage. The study notes that welfare exceeds 150 per cent of the poverty level in 21 states, paying more than the national average salary of a secretary in 29 states, and outpaying teachers in nine states and computer programmers in six states. In 46 states, welfare recipients get the equivalent of $7.16 an hour or more.

The states, then, are not out of step with the welfare Weltanschauung of the last two generations. But under the welfare bill of June, they will have a chance to reconsider the options, primary among them that it would be better to reduce illegitimacy than to subsidize it. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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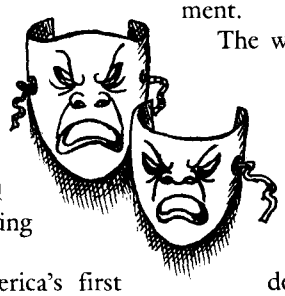
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

UNDERSTANDING female misogyny requires a taste for paradox. A female misogynist is an exceptionally independent, self-confident woman who starts out assuming that other women are just like her and gets dismayed and impatient when they aren't. Eventually, after years of watching the majority of her sex snatch defeat from the jaws of defeat and call it femininity, she realizes that women capable of leading women are also capable of despising them.

Nineteenth-century suffrage literature is replete with examples of female misogyny. In a letter to Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton called housewives "the mummies of civilization" and boasted that "such pine knots as you and I are no standard for judging ordinary women."



Elizabeth Blackwell, America's first woman doctor, diagnosed the illness and blamed the patient: "I believe that the chief source of the false position of women is the inefficiency of women themselves—the deplorable fact that they are so often careless mothers, weak wives, poor housekeepers, ignorant nurses, and frivolous human beings."

Florence Nightingale was made apoplectic by neurasthenic Victorian women who cultivated the morbidly romantic image then in fashion of woman as fragile flower. "It is a scene worthy of Molière," she wrote scathingly, "where people in tolerable health do absolutely nothing and persuade themselves and others that they are victims."

Caroline Norton, who pushed the Married Women's Property Act through Parliament after being legally robbed of chattels and children by her estranged husband, blasted other women for their "feeble, supine, docile natures." Josephine Butler, who campaigned against Victorian England's brutal prostitution laws, looked down on women who shrank from using such words as "rape" and "hymen" as casually as she. Emily Davies, founder of the first women's college at Cambridge, coined the acronym "LOA"—lack of ambition—to describe women less erudite than she.

The most unexpected blast came from anarchist Emma Goldman, the most freewheeling woman in America, who kicked off the fastest backlash in political history when she published her famous essay, "Women Need to Be Emancipated from Emancipation," almost as soon as the ink was dry on the newly ratified Nineteenth Amendment.

The women's-studies crowd treats female misogynists gingerly, either censoring them outright or else attributing their outbursts to temporary losses of equilibrium brought on by overwork. The one who defeats them is Ida Tarbell, the Queen Bee.

Ida Tarbell's exposé of John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil monopoly forced President Theodore Roosevelt to take up trust-busting. A member of the New York State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women, the star reporter of *McClure's* magazine forged a second career advising women not to have careers. Posing as an unfulfilled spinster who missed out on the joys of dirty diapers and varicose veins, she wrote a series of articles called "The Business of Being a Woman" in which she proclaimed, "Women lack the vision necessary to achieve greatness." Deploring "the essential barrenness of the achieving woman's triumph," she preached marriage, motherhood, and homemaking for all.

That Ida Tarbell was one of the boys is clear from the lavish approbation she collected. Said her *McClure's* colleague Lincoln Steffens: "She was another fellow, a nice fellow—we didn't have a feeling of man or woman in that office."

British writer Arnold Bennett awarded her the ultimate backroom laurel, "just like a man," which recalls Zbigniew Brzezinski's assessment of Margaret Thatcher: "In her presence you pretty quickly forget that she's a woman."

THESE accolades describe a "virago" according to the original definition of this now-debased word: a woman of stature, strength, and courage who is not feminine in the conventional ways. Feminists know a virago when they see one, and they don't like what they see.

Mention Lady Thatcher and they sneer, "You call that a woman?" Mention Joan of Arc and they sigh, "Yes, but she wasn't really a woman." Boadicea fares a little better because she was raped, but the fearless assassin Charlotte Corday, who rid France of Marat, "wasn't really a woman."

The current feminist claim that Hillary Clinton is unpopular because "Men don't like strong women" is a classic example of projection. *Feminists* don't like strong women because too many viragos would put them out of business. To prosper they need a steady supply of women who exemplify the other V-word, "victim." Their all-time favorites are Sylvia Plath, the Brat of Endor, and Virginia Woolf, the Andromeda of the small press. As far as First Ladies go they probably would prefer Mary Lincoln, who went crazy—always a winner with feminists. But at least they have Mrs. Clinton, who got where she is by being a clinging vine in the most literal sense.

The philosophical divide between the woman-as-virago and woman-as-victim camps was exposed by Election '96. The lemming-like spectacle of women voters washing up on Slick Willie made female misogynists cringe, but feminists regarded the gender gap as a triumph of distaff political savvy. Thus the paradox of female misogyny is that things are the opposite of what they seem. "Feminists" who prefer victims are the real female misogynists, and "female misogynists" who prefer viragos are the real feminists.

Given the attraction of opposites, it is also a paradox that men never admire in women any trait they despise in themselves, e.g., timidity. Men and viragos admire women like Elizabeth I, who forbade English diplomats to accept foreign decorations because: "My dogs wear my collars."

There was a broad! Shall we ever see another? □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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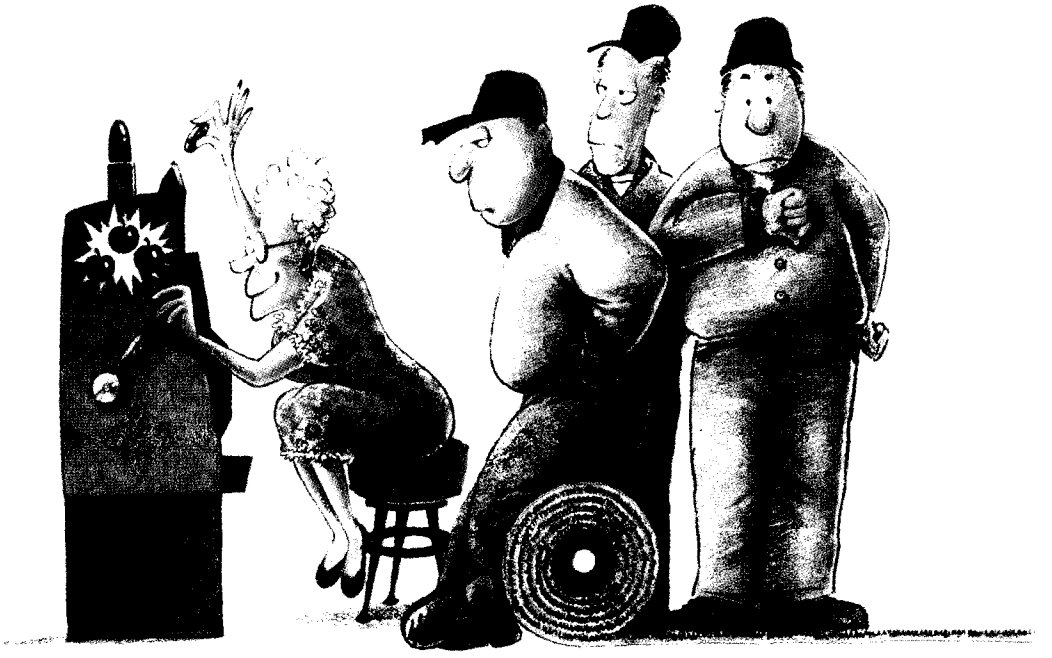

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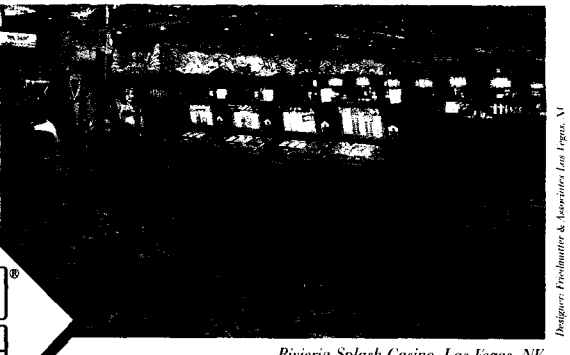

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